

THE MISTOCLES,

THE

Lover of his COUNTRY.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the *Theatre-Royal*
in LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

Themistocles autem quem virtus sua victorem, injuria patria Imperatorem Persarum fecerat; ut se ab eâ oppugnandâ abstinere, instituto Sacrificio exceptum paterâ; tauri sanguinem hausit, & ante ipsam aram, quasi quædam pietatis clara victima concidit. Quo quidem tam memorabili ejus excessu ne Gracia altero Themistocle opus esset effectum est.

Val. Maximus, lib. 5. cap. 6. De Pietate
erga Patriam

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK,
GEORGE EWING, and
WILLIAM SMITH.

} Bookellers,
in
Dame's-street.

M D C C X X I X.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK LEWIS,

Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Electoral Prince of Brunswick, Lunenburg, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Duke of Edinburgh, Marquis of the Isle of Ely, Earl of Eltham, Viscount of Launceston, Baron of Snaudon and of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Steward of Scotland, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

May it please Your Royal Highness,

TH O' Your consenting to this Address, be a new Instance of that condescending Goodness, and known Humanity, which has made Your late safe Arrival, one of the Blessings of His Majesty's Reign; yet it lessens the Presumption of the Author, when 'tis consider'd, that a Piece, writ with so honest a View, as the Love of our Country, and the Cause of Liberty, could be no where so properly address'd, as to the Son of that excellent Prince, whose Sword and Councils

DEDICATION.

cils have done more for them than all the Pens in *Europe*.

Be this little Piece, therefore, Sacred to all those growing Hopes, and noble Qualities, which these Nations behold with so much Transport in Your Highness, as the lovely Transcripts of Your Royal Parents Virtues!

May You ever tread in their Steps, and, like them, make the Peace, Unanimity, Honour and Welfare of these Kingdoms, and the Preservation, the eternal Preservation of our civil and religious Rights and Liberties, Your perpetual Care; and may His Sacred Majesty, by his wise and prudent Councils, so unite all his unreasonably divided Subjects, so calm the unnatural Feuds and Clamours of ill-designing Men, and so subdue the Spirits of his Enemies, both at Home and Abroad; that after a long, a long and happy Reign, he may leave Your ROYAL HIGHNESS a Legacy, nobler than his Crown, the Hearts of all his Subjects, and the Glory and Prosperity of an united People.

I am,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient,

Most devoted,

Humble Servant.



P R E F A C E.

THOUGH Prefaces are very idle Things to Performances of this kind, yet I find my self under a Necessity of saying something here, both that I may return my Thanks to the Town for the favourable, the very favourable Reception this Piece has met with; and also to give some short Account, with all Sincerity and Candour, as to the Occasion of its Writing and publishing. Having always maintain'd (tho' seldom with Success) that the Stage might, under proper Regulations, be made subservient to the propagating the noblest Sentiments, and the greatest Virtue among our People; and having, many Years since, observ'd something very great and exalted in the Character of Themistocles, and his Rival Aristides, I took a Resolution of bringing them together in the Manner I have done, merely for my own Amusement in the Country, and to justify what I had so often asserted. It was finish'd in a much shorter Time than is proper to mention, and lay by me longer, and more entirely neglected and forgotten than is usual, I believe, in such Writings; till happening to shew it to a Friend, who thought better of it than it deserv'd, he tempted me to let it come out by the Offer of a noble Study of Books, out of the Profits of it, and to satisfy my Disinclination to appear in such an Affair, by transacting every Thing under his Cover. This was accordingly agreed to, and the Copy lodg'd with Mr. Rich, when the Death of my Friend, made it absolutely necessary for me, either to lose the Benefit of it entirely, or so far to appear in it, as not to let it be ruin'd by my own Neglect, or others Mismanagement, since there was no avoiding its coming into the World.

It is not now publish'd with any vain Pretensions of setting up for a Poet, or to excel in a Way which so few are so happy.

P R E F A C E.

happy to succeed in, or, when they do, are enough consider'd by the World to make others endeavour to imitate them. The Author has his Time and Thoughts engross'd with Matters infinitely more noble, as well as more delightful to him, than to indulge any Imaginations of that kind; yet, if so mean a Thing can be in the smallest Manner useful (for meer Entertainment is a poor Affair) to engage the Attention of Persons of distinguish'd Parts and Knowledge, as well as Fortune and Power, so far, as by their Means to influence others (that have meaner Views in Acting, and lower Ways of Thinking) to entertain higher Notions of what they owe to themselves and Characters, to their Countrymen and Fellow-Citizens, and the sacred, the important Trusts many of them are invested with in their different Situations: If it can in the least occasion in them, a greater Scorn of a little transitory Riches, Power and Grandeur, and more elevated Thoughts of their Duty to our Excellent Sovereign (than whom I believe, a better Man, or a nobler Prince, never fill'd the Throne) and the Office they are to discharge, in his and their Country's Service, either with Honour or Infamy, I shall think my little Pains, my poor Attempt this Way, abundantly rewarded.

But such Hopes are too vain to be indulg'd, and too ridiculous to be confess'd to have been the View of so trivial a Performance; and so leaving such Thoughts to those, who are better able to introduce them into the World, and make them as Fashionable as they are Reasonable; I shall rather chuse to take Notice (of what is, indeed, fitter for this Place) that tho' there are some little Deviations in this Piece from the ancient Historians; such as Aristides bringing over, and dying with Themistocles, Xerxes's Passion for, and Marriage with Nesiptolema, and Artemisia's Affection to Xerxes; yet, as some Historians assure us, Aristides died in that Country about the publick Affairs, near that Time, and that Xerxes actually shew'd a tender Care of Nesiptolema, and made her a Priestess of the Sun, and that Artemisia's constant Attendance on Xerxes's Wars and Person, makes the Passion here given her, no ways improbable, I hope the Liberties I have taken, are at least pardonable, if not approveable.

P R E F A C E.

It was especially so desirable a Circumstance to bring Aristides, that amiable and exalted Character into View, and so proper an Expedient, by the Force of his Reason, Eloquence and uncorrupted Integrity, to blow up the Sparks of his Love to Athens, which ever lay glowing and smothering in the noble Breast of my Hero; that I hope the Criticks will forgive so obvious an Error, which I willingly fell into, and above all, since I freely acknowledge they may find several greater Ones, which deserve less Quarter.

Yet, with all its Faults, I did not think this Piece deserv'd so severe Treatment, as to be peremptorily refused, after the most earnest and early Sollicitations, at the Old House for two Winters together; which, however, I have the less Reason to complain of, since Mr. Rich's great Civility, and the agreeable Action of most of his Company, have prevailed on all the unprejudiced Part of the Town, to have every Day a better Opinion of this Piece, and their Performance of it, than other. But I owe it to every Gentleman that is more capable of entertaining the Town (and who, possibly, if more encourag'd, might even do their Country Honour) this way, to take Notice, that if Mr. Dryden, Mr. Otway, or Mr. Southern (whose first Plays were so vastly short of their following ones) had been so severely discouraged by the Managers of the Theatre, as Gentlemen are now, our Country had possibly wanted those great Ornaments of the Stage for ever.

But I will not enlarge on so disagreeable a Subject, as it deserves, and shall turn to a more pleasing one, which, the mentioning the last of those Gentlemen, puts me in mind of; which is, that I think myself obliged to declare, whatever tolerable Reputation this Piece has got, is not a little owing to the warm Declarations, and hearty Zeal, which Mr. Southern (my old Acquaintance, and worthy Friend) was pleased to recommend it with, where-ever he came. Be this therefore paid as an honest Debt (and the last I shall ever owe him of this kind) due in Gratitude to his Affection and Friendship, who never forgot the smallest Obligation he received, or remembered the greatest he conferr'd on others.

PROLOGUE.

IN these dull Days, this singing, fidling Age,
When the scorn'd Muses, weeping, quit the Stage,
To Sounds, with Sense unbürthen'd, veil their Lays,
While sweet unmeaning Songsters gain the Bays;
How vain is his Attempt, who hopes his Pen,
Can raise in us, our Fathers Souls again,
To think like Britons, and be pleas'd like Men?

Yet, this to Night, a Virgin Muse designs,
Who brings her Treasures from the Grecian Mines,
Our Isle to visit, Athens' Son revives,
To form our Manners, and adorn our Lives;
Till now unsung, Themistocles appears,
Great in the Praises of Two thousand Years;
And brings a Crowd of the illustrious Dead,
In hopes that Britons in his Steps may tread!
In hopes your Country's Love each Breast my fill,
And Patriots act like Grecian Heroes still!

Oh blush for ever, if such Hopes are vain!
Blame your own Hearts, and not our Author's Strain;
With honest Views, his artless Scenes he draws,
And calls for Virtue,—and disdains Applause.
He aims not at a Poet's glorious Name,
'Tis Britain's Bliss he seeks, and Britain's Fame!
To make your Hearts burn for your Country's Good,
And scorn for that, your Wealth, your Ease, your Blood!
To hold e'en Life, a Trifle light as Air,
When weigh'd with conscious Honour, Truth, and Her!

Thus, brave Themistocles perform'd his Part!
Thus high his Views! thus generous his Heart!
Warm'd with such Thoughts, your once-fam'd Fathers liv'd,
And their lost Liberties and Laws retriev'd.
From hence, this Isle, admiring Nations view,
The Seat of Freedom, and of Empire too.
Oh then be just unto Yourselves! Exert
That publick Zeal, which swells the Patriot's Heart:
Taught by these Scenes, espouse your Country's Cause,
Renounce your Factions, and revere your Laws!

Let

P R O L O G U E,

*Let Grecian Virtue fire each Britain's Mind,
And shine the publick Patrons of Min'd!
All not from servile Views of Power, or Place;
Preferr'd, be Just, or Loyal in Disgrace.
Sell not your Country, brib'd by foreign Gold,
Freedom and Honour never should be sold!
Scorn! Scorn, the narrow-minded Thirst of Gain,
And shew, that you deserve Great GEORGE should Reign!*



These Lines to be added on the K I N G's com-
ming to the House.

*Survey his beauteous Life, and thence assume
Virtue to rival antient Greece and Rome;
Why should we copy them, when Britain's Throne,
Shews us such great Examples of our own?
There sits that Prince, whose Sword, our Country's Cause
Abroad hath fought, at Home defends our Laws;
Who, warm for Europe's Freedom stak'd his Blood,
And Spain and Gaul's dread Tyranny withstood;
When in the dreadful Fields of Mons, for Thee,
He scorn'd e'en Death, thrice beauteous Liberty!
Learn then from Him whose Virtues grace his Throne,
You are not born to serve Yourselves alone,
And for Britania's Interest scorn your own.*

}



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Xerxes, *Emperor of Persia, in Love* } *Mr. Walker.*
with Nesiptolema,

Artaban, *a Persian Prince and General,* *Mr. Chapman.*

Mardonius, *a Persian Prince and General,* *Mr. Milward.*

Themistocles, *a banish'd Athenian Nobleman, General to Xerxes,* } *Mr. Quin,*

Aristides, *General to the Athenians,* *Mr. Ryan.*

Demaratus, *an Athenian Exile, and* } *Mr. Ogden,*
Friend to Themistocles,

Artemisia, *the warlike Queen of Caria, so much spoke of in History, in* } *Mrs. Berryman.*
Love with Xerxes,

Nesiptolema, *Daughter to Themistocles,* *Mrs. Buchanan.*

Captive Greeks, Persian Officers, Guards, Soldiers and Priests.

Time is about 20 Hours; Scene is Xerxes's Camp near the Temple of the Sun in Magnesia in Asia.



T H E-



THEMISTOCLES,

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Xerxes's Camp in Magnesia in Asia.

Enter ARTABAN and MARDONIUS.

Artaban.



O W the World bends before him? —

Persia's Sons

Have lost the free-born Souls that
warm their Fathers,

And bow their Heads, the Vassals of
Themistocles.

Now by yon rising Sun (whole Beams
no more

Auspicious smile on *Persia*) tho' I view
From hence the banded Force of all our Provinces,
These armed Millions, that, like some vast Swarm
Warm'd by his Beams, unhiv'd have left their Home

To

THE MISTOCLES,

To seek new Seats of Empire, tho' I hold
My Country's Glory dear as Life, I loath
The Power, the Conquests which this *Greek* has gain'd
her!

Mar. How vain's Success, when Vict'ry only serves
To aggrandize this Fugitive! — In vain
Our populous *East* here pours forth her Strength,
And sends her thronging Nations to the War
To avenge on *Greece* our Royal *Xerxes'* Wrongs,
And wrestle with her for the World's wide Empire;
If we, self-conquer'd, still must wear, my *Artaban*,
This Exile's Chains, and call a *Greek* our General.

Art. Curst be his hated Nation, Name and Lineage,
And doubly curst those ill-starr'd Days, *Mardonius*,
When first this out-cast Wanderer came to *Persia*,
And supplic'd mov'd out our easy Monarch's Pity!
With all the soft Delusions of the Tongue;
He own'd his Banishment, avouch'd his Innocence,
And call'd on *Xerxes* and his Gods to save
An homeless, hopeless, friendless Foe from Ruin,
Ev'n I was mov'd, my yielding Soul was caught,
And Grief prevailing o'er our ancient Enmity,
Melted my Heart to mourn his injur'd Virtue.
Fool that I was, — detested be my Tongue,
I spoke for him, and wish'd I could have lov'd him.
And now, — Oh perish most abhorr'd Remembrance —
Why wilt thou rack my Soul?

Mar. Nay give it vent, and rouse thy just Resentments,
This Exile in return, this banish'd Fugitive
Mounts o'er our Heads, usurps our Place as Generals,
Prescribes the Fate of *Asia* with his Breath,
And dictates Law to us, nay more, to *Xerxes*,
Who like a Cypher seems to stand beside him,
Barely to give his Figure Place and Value.

Gods! where's this Worth in him to raise him thus?

Art. None! none, by *Mithra*! Oh the hourly Thought
Preys on my Life. — Had he superior Merit,
Pleas'd I'd resign my Post, — but name his Services. —
'Tis true, — he's just return'd from conqu'ring *Egypt*,
Where *Ariftides*, his old Foe, was vanquish'd,

the Lover of his Country.

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And half the boasted Force of *Greece* o'erthrown,
But with whose Swords? whose Blood? was't not with
ours?

Who with our Cavalry stood the dreadful Shock,
Routed their Horse, and left their trembling Phalanx
To yield to him, and call this *Greek* their Conqueror!

Mar. Yet who in all this Host, who thus adore him,
Hath mention'd us amidst their Songs of Triumph?
Where's our Reward for all our Toils and Hazards?

Themistocles is still advanc'd the higher:

Themistocles to Morrow leads our Troops

To conquer *Greece*! nay more— Oh Stain to *Persia*!

Xerxes to bind his Faith with holiest Ties,
Prepares inglorious to espouse his Daughter,
To bend, to kneel, and call this Exile Father.

Art. Each Hour we wait to hear their Hands are join'd,
And may the Gods that watch for *Persia's* Good
Accelerate their Nuptials.— [Prayer?]

Mar. Beware, my Friend! what means the impious

Art. What can I mean but that which makes the Bulk
Of all my Prayers, the Ruin of *Themistocles*,
For know when *Artemisia*, who so long
In Courts and Camps, in Peace and War hath follow'd
Great *Xerxes'* Fortunes, hoping still to share
His Crown, and Love, the Guerdon of her Services,
Shall see her Hopes defeated in these Nuptials;
Her Rage and her Despair will set at work
All Engines for her Ruin, and her Rival's.

Mar. I hope it will; thence 'tis perchance we now
Attend her Summons.— Oft she has vow'd their Fall,
Yet still they're safe, and we and *Persia* suffer.

Art. Who can be safe against a Woman's Rage,
When Love and Empire lost inflame her Thoughts,
Love, Scorn, Hate, Vengeance rousing in her Soul?
Let us assist the Labour of her Passions,
And some Event of highest Hope may wait them.

Mar. May Heaven bespeed our Counsels — Lo!
She comes—

Caria's bright Queen, indignant in her Eyes,
I read the struggling Tumults of her Soul.

Such

Such were her Looks, when on the fatal Day
Of *Salamis*, with Squadrons of huge *Argosies*
She charg'd the dreaded Fleet of curst *Themistocles*.
So bright, so fierce she shew'd when * *Xerxes* cry'd,
My Women fight like Men, my Men like Women!

Enter to them Artemisia.

Arte. 'Tis fix'd! Oh *Persians*, ever doom'd to serve!
It is decreed, — the Nuptials, the Disgrace,
The Blot, the Stain of *Artemisia's* Life
This Minute are resolv'd. — These haughty Exiles
Must lord it here, must wear the *Persian* Crown,
And stain th' immortal Line, the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Art. Then the last Stroke is giv'n to our Liberty
And *Artemisia's* Fame: They find us Slaves,
And mark us out for Vassalage. — By *Mishra*,
They use us as we merit. — Those who stoop
Like us to willing Bondage, do deserve it!

Arte. 'Tis even so. — Our Faith, our blind Devotion
And tame Submission to the Will of *Xerxes*,
Have urg'd these *Greeks* to such opprobrious Insults.
Hence have they got the Daring to contemn
My Services, my Love, my Crown, my Charms;
My Charms, why name I them? — They are no more,
Or *Nesiptolema* obscures their Lustre.

Mar. Too true. — But say, can *Artemisia's* Soul
Stoop to such vile Oppression? Can you bear
To see your Vows, your Beauty scorn'd for her?

Arte. Scorn'd! scorn'd! who dares to join my Name
with that!

What Woman can bear scorn'd, and scorn'd for her?
For her, a moralizing She-Philosopher,
A Pedant-tutor'd Girl, whose awkward Virtues
Smell of the *Grecian* School; whose lifeless Form,
Who, who but *Xerxes* would compare to mine?

Art. To thine! What sees that all-beholding Eye
Of Heav'n, compar'd to *Artemisia* here?

* *Vide* Plutarch, the very Words.

Arte. My most sincere and ever faithful Friend,
How shall I thank thy Love?— Yet it's not strange
For her, this Thing, this blushing artless Creature!
This Ignorant! whose Mirror scarce has taught her
Whether she's fair or no ——— Whose Eyes unskiltul
Shine upon all alike, nor ever learnt
The Art, the heav'nly Husbandry of Beauty,
Yet e'en for her is *Artemisia* still,
Torture and Anguish! still o'erlook'd by *Xerxes*.

Mar. Ungenerous and unjust!

Art. My Soul with Indignation hears your Injuries.

Arte. Then think what mine must suffer! mine that
feels them!

Yielding to her! ——— Destruction! I could lose
Without a Sigh, my Crown, my Life, my Love,
But not to her! not to a worthless Rival,
Without one Charm to countenance her Conquest.

Art. Her Charms ne'er conquer'd *Xerxes*. ——— 'Tis
Themistocles,

To whom your Hopes and ours are made the Sacrifice.

Arte. Then aim we all our Efforts to tear up
The Minion's rooted Growth.—— And therefore, Princes,
Has *Artemisia* call'd upon your Loves,
That ere these fatal Nuptials are accomplish'd,
We may, with general Voice, demand of *Xerxes*
That he dismiss these Exiles, or this Day
See our united Hosts desert his Standards.

Mar. Our Troops resentful of our Wrongs shall join you.

Art. Be it resolv'd.—— 'twill shake his firmest Hopes!
Or should this fail us, 'twere not ill design'd,
If haply we could gain the Sun's Arch-Priest,
Old *Bagoas*, when the nuptial Rites are sung,
'To feign some direful Omens to o'ercast
That Hour of Hope.—— It may avail us highly,

Arte. That be my Care.—— To me he owes his Place;
My Power and Interest are the God he worships.
We shall consert this further.—— It is whisper'd
This Hour *Themistocles* decrees to free
The *Greeks*, whom our triumphant Arms enslav'd
By our late Victory.—— This rash Attempt,

If he goes thro' with't, as I trust he shall,
We will urge home to Xerxes, as a Proof
Of his Attachment to the Grecian Interest.
He's tim'rous, rash and jealous.---- It must shock him.---

Art. It has a Face.----- Let us a while retir'd
Weigh cautiously these Hopes,-----

Mar. Behold he comes, whose Ruin they do point at.

Arte. 'Tis he, the Pageant of the Crowd, who rears
His Head above you all, amid the Heavens,
Like some vast Temple form'd for Adoration,
That veils within some Wonder-working God,
And looks with Scorn on ev'ry meaner Edifice:
Oh *Persians*, blush, is this the Shrine you bow to?
Cringe on, you Slaves! fawn, flatter, make him Great,
And raise him high, his Fall shall still be greater. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Themistocles and Demaratus, Guards, Officers.

The. These Orders see dispatch'd--- and let *Mardonius*
[*Gives Letters, they kneel.*]

And *Artaban*, with all the Captive *Greeks*
Attend us here.

Offic. We shall observe your Orders.

[*Exeunt some Officers.*]

The. O *Demaratus*, my old Fellow-Exile,
The happy Moments, big with *Athen's* Fate,
Rush hast'ning on: They call, they call our Swords
To reap the plenteous Harvest of my Rage,
And level with the Earth her falling Tow'rs.
Yes, 'tis decreed, this Mistress of the Globe,
This little Queen of Nations, shall no more
Oppress the World and me.

Dem. Her Cruelty deserves, your Wrongs demand it;
Such ever be the Fate of ill-us'd Power.

The. Nay, she shall answer all--- her Audit's come---
Methinks I hear the guilty Criminal's Groans,
I see her downcast Looks, and baleful Eyes,
That scowl on her vile Chains in deep Despair;
She tears her Hair; she gnashes with her Teeth;
Whilst, like th'inexorable Judge I stand,
And execute the just Decrees of Heav'n.
And yet---ah! who can trust his Heart, my Friend.

the Lover of his Country.

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Now that the Gods do arm my Hand with Vengeance,
And lift these Hosts by Millions in my Cause,
I grieve, I mourn to think that she must perish—
I find a *Calm* of Pity stealing on me,
And my wrought Blood, that like some River swell'd
With a full Sea of Rage run salt and brackish,
Seems with the ebbing Tide to droop and sink,
To turn again, and gain its natural Sweetness.

Dem. Do thoughts like these become the wrong'd
Themistocles?

This Woman's Tale of Pity--- Bear my Chidings---
For, 'tis unmanly, e'en to join the Name
Of Pity with such bleeding Injuries.

The. Most true--- I see, with Scorn, I see my Weakness.
Thus to the Winds I give it--- Yes, my Friend,
Justice shall have her Course, tho' *Athens* falls
Beneath her dread Decrees, and sinks for ever:
This Day, the Gods shall witness to my Vows,
Of Faith to *Xerxes*, and Revenge on her.

Dem. There spoke, indeed, the Warrior's injur'd Spirit.

The. Can I forget?--- O that I could indeed! [*Sighs.*]
Can I forget my barb'rous Country's Conduct;
My Country, (let me name her so no more)
That has disclaim'd my Birth, as I do her;
Renounc'd all Interest in me; paid my Service,
My Toils, my Labours, Watchings, Pains and Suff'rings,
With Bonds and Banishment; nay, more, ye Heav'ns!
As tho' she envied me the wretched Power,
Of bearing Life beneath my weary Woes,
Has set a publick Price upon my Head,
And cast my Blood, accurst and tainted, from her.

Dem. Hard Fate! By *Aristides*, your known Foe,
That was decreed, and thro' the East proclaim'd;
Accus'd of feigned Treasons, tax'd with Crimes
And Plots against the State; absent, unheard,
You were condemn'd, your Family proscrib'd,
Your Palace raz'd to th' Earth, while your poor Infants
Unhous'd, expos'd to all the warring Elements,
Were forc'd to seek you wandering thro' the World.

The. O thou hast touch'd those jarring Notes so strong,
I B They've

They've rais'd my Soul in Arms to crush the Sore'refs,
 And blot my Foes from Earth, as they would me.
 Yes, thus abhorr'd, forgotten, and expung'd,
 The Day's at hand when they'll remember me,
 When they'll invoke the angry Gods in vain,
 And stretch their Hands to them, to me, to save them.
 Then, when Destruction hovers o'er their Heads,
 And the wing'd Harpy Vengeance girds them sore :
 When *Xerxes'* Hosts, like some vast Deluge, rowl
 Around their Walls, then shall they find *Themistocles*,
 Proscrib'd and doom'd to Death, survives their Menaces,
 And lives to see their haughty Pride laid low.

Dem. Bright shine those Hours—But see, the Generals bring

The Captive Greeks in Chains, to wait your Doom.

Enter Artaban, Mardonius, and Captives, chain'd and guarded, with Aristides disguis'd in a Slave's Habit among them.

Art. Hail to the Favourite of the Gods and *Xerxes*.

Mard. Hail to *Themistocles*.

The. Princes of *Persia*, hail—I have resolv'd
 To gain, by generous Treatment, these brave Men,
 To join their Swords with ours in *Xerxes'* Cause;
 And therefore are we met—Ye Sons of War!

[to the Grecians.]

Ye noble Gleanings of the fore wrought Field,
 Whom *Mars* drags haughty chain'd around his Car,
 Too well you prov'd your Prowess in the Fight,
 To merit these inglorious Bonds—Behold,
Themistocles, your Countryman, and once
 Your Fellow-Soldier, opens thus his Arms,
 To shield you from Destruction; to protect
 The Brave distress'd, from the rude Wrongs of Power,
 And lift your Fate above a base World's Scorn!
 Again, lo Fortune courts you! O receive,
 Receive from me, with Wealth and Fame, your Freedom,
 And under *Xerxes'* Ensigns share the Realms,
 The Wealth of conquer'd *Greece*--what! none to answer?

Dem. Speak some one for the rest.

Arist. Sure, thus disguis'd, no Eye knows *Aristides*;
 Then

Then let me speak ere these Plebeian Souls,
Lur'd by his golden Baits, renounce their Country.

[*Aside.*

Know'st thou, *Themistocles*, that these thou speak'st to
Are Men, born honest, free, and brave, as thou art?
Grecians and Soldiers;—Men, whose dauntless Souls
Have fought for Glory in the Fields of Death,
And for their Country's Safety stak'd their Blood?
Dar'st thou then hope, because oppress'd by Fortune,
We are thy Pris'ners now, that these vile Chains
Should bow our Souls so low, that we should pawn
Our sacred Faith to *Xerxes* for his Gold?

No, *Athens* knows us for her faithful Sons:
Thus low, thus wretched, still we own her Cause;
And firm; unalterably firm to Honour,
We stand unchang'd, amidst the Shocks of Fate,
Of Fate and thee, *Themistocles*. [Danger?

The. Slave, dost thou know my Power, and thy
Arist. No! but I know thy Weakness, and my
Strength;

Thy worst of Cruelties must end in Death:
An honest Death, more eligible far
Than a base guilty Life that's spent with Shame;
And hir'd by the Hour to hurt my Country!
Hir'd by Gold, Pomp, Place, and wretched Luxury!
Are these thy Arts to win us to betray
Our holiest highest Trust, our Faith to *Athens*?
Tempt *Persian* Slaves with Baits like these, whose Hearts
Ne'er knew the Joy of living free and honest.
For us, whose Souls are us'd to nobler Views,
We hug our virtuous Woes, and scorn such Villainy.

The. Who bid this Wrangler speak? — There was a
Day,

When the *Athenians* Love had made this Insolence
Prove fatal to him, but 'tis now no more;
So let it pass amid mine other Injuries.
Be it our honest Comfort, that those Foes,
Who robb'd me of my Fame, have left me still
My Innocence and Patience — Those protect him.
For you my Friends, know what I've urg'd, has sprung
From

From Pity for your Fate, and Zeal to serve you.
 Alas! what need have I of *Grecian* Swords
 To 'venge my Wrongs, for whom the Eastern World
 Appears in Arms; but that I still admire -
 Virtue distrest like yours; and pleas'd would share
 My Wealth, Power, Honours, nay, my Glory with you.--
 Nor will I take the Advantage of your Bondage,
 To gain you to our Cause; free Minds like yours,
 Lost by Constraint, by Gratitude are won:
 Behold, the Proof I give you of my Love,
 A Proof, which *Greece* shall blushing hear, and tremble;
 While thus, at once, I change your Chains to Freedom.

[*Guards unchain them.*]

Capt. Thanks to *Themistocles* our brave Deliverer!

Arist. I'll wear my Chains [*to the Guards.*] — Gods!
 how can one so brave,

Be yet so false, so cruel to his Country! [*Aside.*]

Mard. Our Wishes are accomplish'd to the full.

Art. This Deed secures our Hopes, and seals his Ruin.

[*Aside to each other.*]

Let's haste to *Artimisia*.

[*Exeunt bowing.*]

The. You call me your Deliverer; let those *Greeks*,
 Who, mov'd with Gratitude, would clear that Debt,
 Guard with To-morrow's Sun the *Persian* Standard.
 One Thing remains, while thus I gain new Friends,
 By Heav'n's best noblest Gift, by glorious Liberty,
 I must not leave my ancient Foe unpunish'd.
 Whoe'er among you would befriend *Themistocles*,
 Let him disclose the secret Midnight Haunts,
 Where *Aristides*, since his late Defeat,
 Hides his devoted Head, and half the Wealth
 Of *Athens* shall reward him — Say, who claims
 This Task of Friendship?

Captives. None! none! none!

Arist. Yes, yes, ye Gods I claim it, and with Joy —
 E'en in the Battle, where thy Sword prevail'd,
 I saw him as he wav'd his flaming Faulchion,
 And eccho'd thro' the Field, Appear, *Themistocles*,
 Here meet the Fate that *Athens* Laws decree thee.
 I saw the eager Zeal with which he strove,

Thro'

the Lover of his Country.

11

Thro' mingling Hosts to hew his Passage to thee,
And end thy Triumphs by one vengeful Blow.
I saw him driv'n down the Tide of Battle,
With ur'd Arms stemming in vain the Torrent;
And conscious of his Haunts, before high Noon,
Thine Eyes secure of Vengeance shall behold him;
Confronted thou shalt set his Guilt before him,
And prove he wears the Name of *Just* unmerited.

The. I languish for that Hour—but haste, retire,

[*Exeunt Captives and Aristides.*]

The Royal *Xerxes* comes——O! thou, my Soul,
Just to the Lustre of his Love, o'erlook
The Flaws which cloud that Jewel's native Splendor;
Tho' in the borrowed Majesty of Pomp,
He plays the Monarch, and degrades the Man,
Vain-glorious, tim'rous, fickle, rash and jealous,
Still he's my Friend; and Friendship like the Sun,
Tho' where it shines, it shews each Object plain,
Yet gilds them with a lovely Brightness still,
And warms e'en by Reflection——

*Enter Xerxes gorgeously dress'd; all but Themistocles
fall prostrate before him.*

Xer. Whence have I lost the Morn, unblest by thee,
Source of my Hopes, thou Father of the War!
Born to my Fame, thro' whom my conqu'ring Arms
Have taught the distant World to own my Power,
And dread my Force——Thou more than Conqueror;
That hast deserv'd the highest Name on Earth,
The Title of my Friend——Thus let me fold
My Hero to my Breast, who ne'er shall know
A Rival there but lovely *Nesiptolema*. [*Embracing.*]

The. O! ever generous, ever gracious, cease
To over-rate my Services——To you,
To you alone, I owe all that I am,
Or can be; and the poor Returns I've made
E'en like the Tribute of those Realms you've conquer'd,
Serve to confess my Homage, but can ne'er
Discharge the Debt I owe you. [*wrong,*]

Xer. Now, by my Sword, thou holdst the Ballance
Of sacred Friendship, and a Monarch's Love!

Witness, the Subject World o'er which my Throne
 Pre-eminent Rules; by thee I reign, I conquer—
 By thee, by our tremendous Name assisted,
 And awful Arms, th' *Egyptian* Princes fell;
 By thee the *Grecian* Hosts, and *Aristides*,
 Inglorious fled, and lost their *Asian* Provinces;
 Nay, more, by thee I reign in Love unrival'd,
 And thou, this Hour, shalt place within my Arms,
 My Heart's triumphant Tyrant *Nesiptolema*.

The. Such Honours are too great for *Grecian* Exiles,
 And far out-weigh our Merit, tho' your Love,
 Great *Xerxes'* Love, be thrown into the Scale.

Xer. No, no, my Friend—I think them all too small,
 To crown such matchless Virtue——If the Earth,
 The conquer'd Earth, could yield me greater still,
 They should be her's and thine. [come,

The. With Actions, not with Words, my Days to
 Must answer to such Goodness, that o'er-pays,
 So far o'er-pays the Pittance of my Service.

Xer. What can o'er-pay the Man, in whom my Hopes
 Of Vengeance, Glory, Love and Empire live?
 How my swell'd Heart exults, to think this Day,
 The great Alliance of our Souls begins.
 Already smook the Altars of the Gods;
 Before whose conscious Shrines, the Priests prepare
 Their *Io Hymens*, while with joined Hands,
 We call the sacred Powers to bless our Friendship,
 And vow Destruction to detested *Athens*.

The. Yes, gracious Emperor! my Heart is with thee,
 And doubly tied by Benefits from you, [geance.
 And Wrongs from *Athens*, throbs and swells for Ven-
 Whence stay we then?—let's hasten and prepare,
 And at the Temple seal our sacred Contract;
 And thou, oh *Mars*! if e'er my Sword has done
 Deeds high in Fame, beyond my Hopes and Merit,
 Now bless thy faithful Vot'ry with Success,
 Let *Xerxes'* Arms the *Grecian* Pride suppress,
 And let my base, ungrateful Country see,
 She lost herself, that Day she banish'd me. [Exeunt.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Propylaum, or Porch of the Temple of the Sun, in the Camp before Magnesia. Enter Themistocles and Nesiptolema, Guards and Attendants, Virgins in White, crown'd with Garlands.

Th. **W**Hence is this Scene of Tears? shall *Persia* see
A *Græcian* Exile weep upon the Day
She mounts her Throne? Shall *Xerxes* thus be met?
Last Night I left thee gay amidst thy Virgins,
And now—ye Gods!—give me to know the Cause.

Nesip. My honour'd Lord, forgive a Maiden's Folly,
Who looks with Terror on the mighty Task,
Duty and Love must set this Day before her.
This Day my Heart, my Soul, each Word, each Thought,
Becomes another's Right; to Love and *Xerxes*
They must be paid, and set to the Account
Which Duty claims, and I but ill may answer.

Th. Can that which gives me Joy, raise Grief in thee?
These Tears have deeper Sources—shew them to me!

Nesip. What can my Bosom harbour, hid from thine,
Where ev'ry weightier Thought thy Care hath sown?
Yet do not ask the motive of my Tears,
Which only spring from melancholy Dreamings,
And Thoughts, that rush on our unguarded Souls,
As idle Birds, which wing their wand'ring Flights
Amidst our holiest Temples, where they mix
Their empty Musick with our Prayers to Heav'n.

Th. Hath Nature then prevail'd above my Precepts,
And taught thee that mean Art of fawning Women,
Or Men fram'd like them, Flatt'ry and Dissembling?
Speak what the Gods and I should hear!—speak Truth,
Truth undisguis'd, and without further Preface;
Say,—tell me, whence thou art become a Mourner.

Nesip. Then witness Heav'n, my Grief is all for thee,

Lest some ill Fate attend my Royal Nuptials,
 And overturn that Power they're meant to raise.
 Last Night! (I tremble when I name the Vision)
 Aspenive on my Bed I watch'd the Hours,
 A sudden Lightning blaz'd around my Couch,
 In which *Minerva*, *Athens* Guardian Goddess,
 Shone like some Star amidst the glowing Firmament;
 In her Right Hand a *Persian* Sabre gleam'd,
 Which at my Breast, she aim'd with angry Looks,
 And cried, Dye, Traitors, by the *Persian* Sword
 Thy Charms have drawn for *Athens* Overthrow!
 Amaz'd, with Shrieks, I rais'd my sleeping Virgins,
 When strait it vanish'd; but hath left behind
 Terrors my Soul can neither hide nor tell.

Th. Let Fools and Cowards start at Fancy's Visions,
 Thy well-taught Spirit knows these Dreams are bred
 From Fumes and Indigestions, that oppress
 The Mind, which Time and Temperance throws off,
 As such despise them, and in this be firm;
 Those Powers who still befriend oppress'd Virtue,
 Will crown thy Love, and 'venge our wrongs on *Athens*,
Nesip. So be it, gracious *Jove*! and, oh, bespeed
 Our ardent Pray'rs, and right my injur'd Father!
 If Heav'n be angry, all my Crime shall be
 My Hate to *Greece*, and my fond Love for you.

Th. Come to my Arms——thou Blessing, whom some
 Deity [Embrace.

Kindly threw in the Ballance of my Fate,
 To make my Woes seem lightsome——lo! th'Emperor!
 Banish vain Terrors, let thy Heart make Room
 For its great Guest——Love, Empire, Fame are ours!

Enter Xerxes with Guards, Attendants, &c.

Xer. Behold, ye happy *Persians*, tho' like me
 You die beholding, where the Queen of Love,
 Dre? in Ten thousand Glories, comes to grace
 The Throne of *Xerxes*——oh! my Soul's chief Hope;
 Fond as I am, of Glory and Dominion,
 If half the Monarchs of the wide-stretch'd Earth,
 Would lay their Crowns and Scepters at my Feet,

And

And bribe me with their Kingdoms from thy Nuptials,
I would disdain them all!—thou beauteous Excellence!
For once, Ambition should give way to Love,
And own those Eyes are like thy Father's Sword,
Resist'els and Invincible.

Nesip. Whate'er I am, I owe to Royal *Xerxes*,
Who took me up friendless, oppress'd and destitute,
From the base Fury of an unjust World,
And made me his;—to that I owe my Worth;
And, like rude Ingots, from their Dross refin'd,
I wear your Stamp, and thence derive my Value.

Xer. No, beauteous Maid, thou might'st as well main-
It is the Worshipper that makes the Gods, (tain
And not the bright Perfection of their Nature:
No, I beheld, admir'd and lov'd thy Virtues;
My Soul hath chose thee out, to be her own;
And I henceforth will triumph in thy Arms,
Still I'll survey thy shining Heaven of Beauty,
With greater Joy, than the all-forming Sun
Rose on the new-made World, warm'd by his Beams,
And bid it bask within its Rays for ever.

Nesip. Poor that I am! I scarce have Words to answer
Your Goodness and my Gratitude;—but those,
Those few I have, shall all be spent in Pray'rs,
To make me worthy of you.

Xer. And me, exalted as I stand, in Merit,
Above th' inferior Princes of the Earth,
Worthy of *Nesiptolema*—

The. These amorous Parleys, better far do suit
The Lover, than the Prince; Monarchs like *Xerxes*,
Should live to Empire, tho' they stoop to Love,
Amidst their meaner Cares—and hark, the Gods!

[*Flourish of loud Musick.*

The Summons of the Gods, auspicious, calls us.

Xer. This Moment at their Altars, seals our Vows,
Lead to the Shrines our Empress—haste, I follow.

[*Exeunt Them. Nesip. and Train, &c.*

Enter Artaban and Mardonius, they whisper Xerxes—
Affairs of vast Importance—let them wait—

Art. Sir, we bring things of high Concern, importing
Your

Your Throne, your Fame, perhaps, your Life, to hear.

Xer. Ha! ——— Life and Fame, are worth the Hero's Thoughts;

Then let the Priests, nay, let their Gods attend,
And all the Business of the World stand still;
Here I will give you Audience—speak, and freely.

Art. Thus, lowly, let me bow, and thank your Goodness, [kneels,

Who offers Truth to Princes, acts their Office
Who feed our Elephants, that oft reject
Their wholesome Food, and tear th' officious Server:
Thus *Xerxes* will not act, nor will he think
The Truths we bring, are but the Votes of Faction
No, he'll regard them, as, indeed, they are
The Voice of Nations, and the Groans of *Persia*.

Xer. What means this dark Solemnity of Words,
So big with Danger? quick! unfold it to me,
And if some hidden Treason shakes our Throne,
Haste, name it, and *Themistocles* shall guard us.

Mar. *Themistocles*!

Art. He may, indeed, — e'en as the Viper's Blood
Expels the Poison of his venom'd Tooth;
He is the Source, whence spring the Woes we speak of;
He is the Serpent, whom your Pity found,
Chill'd with the wintry Tempest of his Fate,
And foster'd in your Bosom, where he now,
Warm'd by your Love, sits meditating Death,
And broods his Treasons 'gainst the Hand which sav'd him.

Xer. Are these the mighty Terrors which you har-
Is't then *Themistocles* that I'm to fear, (bour?
Whose Conquests bleeding fresh, proclaim alike,
His Faith and Friendship to us?

Art. Can he, then, prove a Friend to *Persia* now,
By whose curs'd Sword, our slaughter'd Countrymen
By thousands fell, and left their bleached Bones,
Whitening the *Grecian* Fields? who ting'd the *Hellepont*
With crimson Tides of *Persia's* noblest Blood?
Whence rose his Fame, but from your fatal Losses?
Lov'd as he is, 'tis still his daily Sport

To tell his favourite *Greeks* *, that haughty *Xerxes*,
With all his tumid Boasts, is like the Sword-fish,
Who only wears his Weapon in his Mouth;
But has no Heart for Battle — and shall he,
This Slanderer, this *Greek*, this Foe, this Exile,
Preside o'er all your Hosts, and perpetrate
His yet imperfect Treasons 'gainst your Throne.

Xer. Shew he assaults it — Words, like those you mention,

Deserve no Credence: — Name some Fact, some Danger
Existing, independent of your Fears;
And if my slow-pac'd Vengeance lags behind,
Proclaim me tardy —

Art. Your Royal Word is pass'd, and thus I claim it;
And here, to all-beholding Heav'n, and *Xerxes*,
Arraign *Themistocles* a secret Traytor,
A Foe to *Persia*, and a Friend to *Athens*.

Xer. Urge this with Proofs, not Words; — let some
known Act
Evince his Treachery.

Art. And such I shall produce: For know, this Day
Of all the captive *Greeks*, the rising Sun
Beheld in Bonds, this base, unfaithful Exile
Hath not left one, to grace your Royal Triumph,
To publish *Athens*' Loss, and *Xerxes*' Glory;
All are enfranchis'd, while, e'en in our Presence,
The Traytor mourn'd to see his *Greeks* our Pris'ners.

Xer. How! — free my Captives! — but I know 'tis false;
I say, he did not, durst not, cou'd not do it!

Art. He did, my Prince, he durst — nay, more, he dares
Add to the Guilt, of setting free your Foes,
The keeping you, his sacred Lord, in Bondage.

Mar. By *Mithra*, true! These Eyes beheld the one,
And ev'ry Eye, but yours, perceives the other.

Xer. 'Tis false! or else the Race of Men are Villains,
And he the first of all the faithless Tribe!
It shocks Belief! or, if it must have Credence,

* *Vide Plutarch.*

Say, wherefore did he free them?

Art. Nay, ask the Traytor that, and bid him own,
The Truth he cannot hide—because they're *Greeks*,
His Countrymen, his Brethren, and allied
To all his Treasons! born the natural Foes
Of *Persia*, and the Bane of *Xerxes*' Glory.

Xer. My Doubts distract me, and I know not which
Should first be answer'd—haste! revoke his Orders!

Mar. Impossible—the Liberty he gave them,
Came not by Halves—their Safety, and their Flight,
He hath provided for—they're now dispers'd
To crowd the Standards of detested *Greece*,
And drench their Swords anew, in *Persian* Blood.

Xer. Furies and Hell! what, arm my Foes against me?
This Proof would stagger, e'en the firmest Soul,
And all at once, calls home unto my Breast
A thousand banish'd Fears, that wisely counsell'd
To trust a Foe, when reconcil'd, with Caution.

Art. Ye guardian Gods, that watch for *Persia*'s Safety,
I thank you, that no longer one false *Greek*,
Can over-poise you all——

Xer. Could we,——could *Xerxes*, be deceiv'd so far?
Oh 'tis too much! for my own Peace, I strive
To disbelieve it; for if he's a Traytor,
Whom can I trust hereafter?

Art. Let my great Master trust to those, whose Fealty
Propp'd up your Throne, when this curs'd *Greek* o'er-
To them, and *Artemesia*, and prefer (turn'd it,
Their Faith unshaken, and her Love unfeign'd
To false *Themistocles* and *Nesiptolema*.

Xer. What, part with *Nesiptolema*! alas!
It wonnot be—and yet, if he be false,
How dare I trust, How can I think her true?

Art. Well urg'd—besides, a generous Prince, like *Xerxes*,
Will think on, and reward the Truth, the Suff'rings,
The Pangs of *Artemesia*'s faithful Passion:
But see, she comes, the glorious Charmer comes,

Enter Artemesia and her Train, having overheard them.
To claim your Heart, and grace the Crown, her Arms
So well protected, and her Charms deserv'd.

Xer. Where shall I hide my Blushes, lovely Queen,
Too lovely, and too injur'd for my Peace?
Say, how can I atone my past Neglects;
Or, with this bankrupt Heart, repay the Debt,
The boundless Debt of Love, and Truth, I owe you?

Arte. Speak thus, thus kind, and you'll o'er-pay it all,
Call me your Queen, restore me to your Heart,
And drive these Exiles thence, who use their Power
To free your Foes, and to enslave your Friends.

Xer. Most gladly I would do it—for I fear,
I fear, alas! *Themistocles* betrays me;
And well, too well! my Heart recalls your Faith,
Your Love, your Truth, your Services before me.
And yet (ah pity! and forgive my Weakness)
When I reflect on lovely *Nesiptolema*,
Her Innocence, her Charms, her heav'nly Beauties,
I would in vain—what would I?—Gods! I find,
I would not, cannot, dare not live without her!

Art. Must I bear this?—racking, tormenting Thought!
Then must I still be sacrific'd to her?
My Constancy, my Love! all, all neglected!
For her! for her, this Daughter of a *Greek*;
This dark, this subtle, new-discover'd Traytor!

Mar. You cannot paint him blacker than his Deeds.

Art. His Treasons stand confess'd, and evident.

Xer. He's absent, and unheard, and may be innocent;
His Faith is held suspected, not condemn'd:
Summons him hither—let him stand impleaded,
And clearly answer, or confess his Crime.

Mar. A vain Attempt!

Art. Useless to him, or fatal to our Safeties.

Arte. Has not his Life been one continued Scene
Of Loss to *Persia*, and Disgrace to *Xerxes*?
Doth not this last plain Proof attest it all?
But what avails it? when the Gods have stopt
The Ears of *Xerxes*, when his Heart rebels
Against his once-lov'd Queen, his Friends, his Interest?

Art. Believe not so.—*Xerxes*, my royal Lord,
Can, like a God, look thro' the Hearts of Men,
Discerning Truth from Falshood.—In his Eyes

I read the mounting Passions of his Soul.
His Heart relenting hears our faithful Pray'rs,
While *Perſia's* Genius weeps and calls aloud,
Save, ſhield me from the *Greek* that has undone me!

Xer. Where would you lead me, Friends? methinks
I ſtand

On cracking Ice, and know not where to place
My Foot ſecure of Safety!

Arte. Irreſolute and weak! — Banish this Traytor,
And ev'ry Danger vaniſhes. — Reſtore,
Reſtore theſe Princes to their high Commands,
And let me reign thron'd in your Heart unrivall'd.
Then you'll conſult your Safety, nay your Glory,
And *Greece* ſhall feel from our united Arms,
That Fate which now you impotently menace.
For know, ungrateful *Xerxes*, we are vow'd
This Day for ever to forſake your Standards,
To own your Cause no more, unleſs *Themistocles*
And all his Houſe be driv'n out to Banishment.

Xer. Ha! — Is't poſſible? what leagu'd againſt me?

Art. Upon thoſe Terms our Troops and Swords are
yours.

Mar. With our beſt Services, — when he's deſtroy'd.

Xer. Ye Gods 'tis plain, — a form'd Conſpiracy!
Confess'd and glory'd in! — Is this your Zeal
For *Perſia*, that proceeds from Thirſt of Power
And vain ambitious Hopes. — Now by my Throne,
My Faith had almoſt ſtagger'd with their Treasons,
I had almoſt forgot the Vows, the Services,
Of great *Themistocles*, who at the Altars
Attends with *Nephtolema*, to join
Our Hands and Hearts in one eternal Friendſhip!
And am I here contriving his Deſtruction,
And liſt'ning to the Envy of his Foes?
Away! — It is too much. — Here, to the Gods
Your Accuſations I renounce; and all
Your Menaces, your baſe Deſertion ſcorn'd,
Here vow to truſt my Fame, Power, Empire with him!
Arte. Then here, ungrateful *Xerxes*, I renounce
Thoſe great Alliances we once contracted!

No more my Hosts shall guard the Throne of *Cyrus*,
Nor my Love 'fend thee from the *Grecian Arms*.
Haste! bid my Troops withdraw. — Here I abjure

[*To her Train, some of whom go out.*

All League, all Amiry with faithless *Xerxes*.

Xer. Is this the Voice of Love and *Artemisia*?

Think better of it; for with half my Realms,

I would redeem your Friendship. —

Arte. Such Bribes may purchase *Grecian Hearts*; but
mine,

To Empire cold, to Love alone aspir'd.

That lost, — Ungrateful, dare you own 'tis lost?

What Joy is left but what Revenge can give me?

Yes! by my Wrongs I'll cause such Wars, such Ravage

Shall shake your *Persia*, nay, the Eastern World,

As with an Earthquake. — Yes, ungrateful Prince,

Since you no more can hear my Name with Love,

My Arms, Ten thousand Plagues, Ten thousand Woes

Shall make you think on it, and me, with Terror!

[*Exit Artemisia.*

Xer. Traytors! you've rais'd the Storm against my
Peace,

Haste, — calm it, or I'll sweep you from the Earth,

Like Dust before the Whirlwind. —

Art. Urg'd by no Motives but our Country's Good —

Xer. 'Tis false! be dumb! — You've dar'd to rush
between

A Monarch and his Love. — I see at last,

And scorn your little Arts. — But know, *Themistocles*

Shall triumph o'er your Envy. — Yes, this Moment

Shall end my Nuptials, and confirm his Power!

[*Exit Xerxes.*

Art. He's gone, and with him all our Hopes to rise

Upon this Exile's Fall. — Our fruitless Labour

Strives to confine the Torrent of his Power,

And makes it swell the higher.

Mar. I hate these Plots. — Keen Swords make twice
the Riddance;

Let's boldly join our Troops with *Artemisia's*.

Art. Be

Art. Be not too rash. ———— Revenge should still be calm. ————

Let's seek the Queen, and wait th' approaching Omens;
But see, the Temple opens. ———— Let's retire. ————

[*Exeunt Art. and Mar.*]

SCENE opens shewing a magnificent **TEMPLE** of the **SUN**, finely illuminated. *An Altar gilt; Priests and Choristers in Cloth of Gold. Musick vocal and instrumental; Themistocles, Demaratus and Courtiers attending: Xerxes holds Nesiptolema by the right Hand, both crown'd at the Altar, perform the Persian Rites of Marriage in dumb Show, the Couriers, Priests, &c. all kneeling, and then the Chief Priest concludes the Ceremony with this Song.*

*Mithra, thou who favourest Love,
Still shine on them from above;
With Fame and Glory blest his Arms,
With endless Beauty grace her Charms:
And as these Flames still on thine Altars shine,
For ever let theirs last, and burn like thine.*

[*At these Words the Temple appears darken'd, and the Flames on the Altar go out; all start surpriz'd.*]

Xer. Mighty Gods, are thus my Vows regarded?

Nes. Avert this Omen, Heaven;

Th. Ye Pow'rs, since Vice unmenac'd 'scapes your Frowns,

How can these Rites of virtuous Love offend you?

Xer. Amazement thrills me. ———— Oft I've heard these Omens

Are but the casual Accidents of Time;

If these be such, whence borrow they their Terrors?

Can Heav'n be angry when its first great Care,

When *Xerxes* is possess'd of all his Wishes,

Of all its Goodness could bestow, or ev'n

My high deserving Claim? ———— I'll not believe it. ————

Let the loud Clarion bid the Heavens put on

Their better Looks, and ev'ry God in Smiles

Propitious bless th' Alliance we've confirm'd.

[*Lowd Musick.*]

Tho.

The. High Heav'n bespeed and prosper it.—

Xer. Here to the conscious Pow'rs our right Hands
join'd, [Both kneel at the Altar.

Irrevocably join'd, I seal my Vow,
Still to pursue ungrateful *Greece* with War,
'Till I've reveng'd the Wrongs of great *Themistocles*,
'Till suppliant she shall stoop beneath my Sword,
Bend to our Prowess, and atone her Crimes.

Th. Then hear, thou Sun, and witness to my Faith,
Thus vowing here, that 'till the Grave entombs me,
While *Xerxes*' warlike Ardour calls me onwards,
I never will look back.—My Hand, my Sword
Shall still pursue ungrateful *Greece* with Vengeance,
'Till humbl'd and subdu'd she bends before him,
And adds new Glories to the Arms of *Xerxes*.

Nes. Then hear me, Heav'n, nor scorn my faithful
Prayer; [Kneels.

Oh bless this great Alliance, bind it firm
With ev'ry holy Tie of Love and Friendship;
As the fix'd Stars still let it shine resplendent,
Calm and unmov'd, amidst the World's fierce Tem-
pests! [All rise.

Xer. It is enough; the holy Rites are done.
Thro' all our Hosts proclaim a solemn Festival.
This Day we give to Joy, to Love and Peace,
And all the Luxury of sportive Riot.
To Morrow's Dawn begins our March for *Greece*,
Whilst we, my Queen, like *Mars* and *Venus* join,
To grace the Triumphs of the glorious War.
Again my Navies shall the Ocean hide,
And scourge and lash the Billows as they ride,
Despise the Tempest, and oppress the Tide.
Again I'll shake the Strength of *Greece*, and spread
Her Plains with Millions of the mighty Dead:
Again my Hosts shall drink her Rivers dry;
Her Troops shall bend, her firm-wedg'd Phalanx fly.
Themistocles, like Fate, shall lead the Way,
'Till round the conquer'd Earth I stretch my Sway,
And ride triumphant o'er the Earth and Sea.

[Exeunt omnes.

ACT

C

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Field before the Royal Pavilion, by the Temple of the Sun.

Enter Mardonius and Artaban.

Mar. **A**LL! all's o'erturn'd.—Spite of your Plots,
your Omens,
The Nuptials are accomplish'd, and our Hopes,
That aim'd so high, like Arrows shot to Heav'n,
Return with Danger, on our menac'd Heads,
And threaten Ruin to us in their Fall.

Art. Where is the Help? When every Engine fails
That Heav'n or Earth could lend to shake his Power?

Mar. All's fail'd indeed,——Ye Stars! what unjust Deity
Holds out the Ballance of our Fate, and his,
That thus he weighs us down?

Art. O Heav'n the aking Thought lies gnawing here,
And like a Canker eats my Heart, and drinks
The vital Blood within me.——*Persia's* Gods
Forfake her, and each Road we turn to hurt him
Stand up in Arms against us in the Gap,
And make these Dangers which we raise, the Steps
To his Ambition, to exalt him higher.
Mankind's in League against us.——From these Heights
Lo, how the Field is throng'd with revelling Soldiers,
Who, crown'd with Garlands, sing this Exile's Con-
quests.

Mar. Curse on the senseless Herd, with how much
Noise

Their blind Devotion thanks the Gods, who smile
To hear them call their heaviest Woes their Blessings,
See how the blazing Altars fill the Plain,
Which smook with Hecatombs of slaughter'd Beasts,
That, like our Country, pay with their Destruction

For

For these curs'd Nuptials, and the Rabble's Joy.

Art. Too true, indeed. — Yet still we've one Resource

To cure their Folly; for, I hope, the March
And falling off of *Artemisia's* Troops,
Conjoin'd with ours, (when this Fit of Joy
Cool'd with the Night, makes our Attempt more safe,)
May, like a sudden Tempest, cause these Swarms
To hie again, and suddenly refuse
To stir, until the *Carian* Queen returns
To head their armed Bands.

Mar. I hope it well. — Lo, Westward from these
Plains

Already her wing'd Squadrons blaze th' Horizon,
And, like a flaming Torrent, pour around
Their streaming Columns on the dusty Field.
Lo! lo! they move! — They leave thy Camps, Oh
Persia!

They bend this Way. — How their Arms glare! their
Courfers

Neigh in their Strength, and sprightly spurn the Ground.

Art. The firm Battalions march. — The beaten
Cymbal

Strikes on my Heart, and calls up Life within me:
But see the Queen, like some immortal *Amazon*
Leads on her banded Powers, and from high
Amid her Chariot, deep emboss'd with Gold,
And flaming with the Diamonds lucid Rays,
Heads the vast Squadrons in their ranged Files:
She comes! she comes! bespeed her Course, ye
Heav'ns!

Mar. Fate is in Motion for us once again,
But, lo, the Queen descending from her State,
Moves onwards to this Ground.
She comes to chide us, that our tardy Troops
Act not in concert with her. — I cou'd wish
You would, for once, throw off your cautious Counsels,
And, all our Forces join'd, retreat together.

Art. I doubt such Measures suit not with our Strength,
Nor with the ticklish Hour of the Time,

And the mad Soldiers Revels.—Hail, great Queen.——

Enter Artemisia arm'd as an Amazon, Guards, Officers, all arm'd.

Arte. Are these your Vows to join my brave Retreat?
Wear you the Names of Soldiers, and forget
The sacred Ties of Honour?—Are the Spirits
Of the old *Persians* bury'd in their Graves,
That none dare rise to right me?——

Art. Great Queen, ere now we'd join'd you; but
you see

The Soldier, drown'd in Wine, enjoys the Festival,
And call'd to Arms, should we command their March,
It might produce a rash Revolt from Discipline.

Arte. Is this a Time to pause, and preach up Dangers?
They should be weigh'd before, or now despis'd;
Your Doubts begin too late, your Fears too early.
But know, to name my Wrongs would catch Mens
Hearts,

Where they are Men, and draw off Hosts to right me!

Art. Most true——but yet to Day th' Attempt
shews rash,

Ill suits the Time, and I could wish you'd wait——

Arte. Is it for me to wish, and wait for Vengeance,
Which were it now within my Grasp, and here,
Would almost seem to come too late to right me.
No, let us bid Adieu to lazy Wishes,
And idle Prayers, begot by Sloth and Impotence,
And turn to Arms, and Action——

Mard. We only would propose it as an Hope
Of likeliest Consequence, That——

Arte. I tell you, Princes, *Artemisia's* Soul
Was never fram'd to hope, but to enjoy!
O Heav'n, my Spirit match'd with Clods like yours,
Such praying, longing Loiterers, is cramp't,
Like the free Soul chain'd down to Earth and Body.
Assert your Wrongs, be willing Slaves no more;
Bid your shrill Trumpets sound a quick Retreat
To all your Troops, which join'd with mine, will shake
The Soul, the Strength of *Xerxes*, and his Exiles.

Mard.

Mard. Our Hearts are yours-- Our Swords have slept too
By their wrong'd Masters Sides— Before the Sun [long
Gain its Meridian Height, beneath your Banners
Our rang'd Hosts shall march—

Art. Be it resolv'd! Now Fate befriend or end us;
The Dye is thrown, our Fortune is at Stake,
And all is set upon the Moment's Hazard.

Arte. Where is the Hazard, unto Souls resolv'd
To perish or perform? — What should mean
These *Grecian* Slaves Attendance — Haste, and meet.
me— [Exit *Artemisia*

Mard. We follow, tho' we fall—

[*Exeunt different Ways*]

Enter Aristides disguis'd in a Slave's Habit, and Demaratus.

Dem. Whoe'er thou art, whose Habit speaks a Slave,
Thy Words confess the free-born *Grecian* Spirit,
Wrestling with Fate, and keeping far at Bay
The Woes that would oppress thee— Yet be told,
Now, to converse in secret with *Themistocles*,
When, at the Royal Feast, he sits on high,
Is a Request would be refus'd to Princes.

Arist. Be't so: I see your Princes live and act
The Slaves of Force, and all-oppressing Power:
But know, a *Greek*, tho' dragg'd to chains indignant,
Still dares exert the Empire of his Soul,
And owns no Power but the Laws and Reason.
Yet, once again be told, were I as low
As Fate, or the mean Fears of Fate could lay me,
I bring a Message of such high Concernment,
That were he now in Council with the Gods,
Dividing out the Empires of the World,
He might lay by his State, and give me Audience.

Dem. Thy Words are hid in Clouds, and like the Voice
Of *Jove*, when Heav'n is mov'd, and the Earth shaken,
Thunder amidst the Darkness— Speak, unfold them—

Arist. Let it suffice to know, that what I bring,
Suits only him to hear, and me to speak;
Which bid him haste, and learn— It he neglects
The Summons, I can only lose these Moments,
Mispent with Thee, and a few honest Prayers;

The Gods may find some betier way to answer——

Dem. Thy Sternness looks like Virtue——wait a while——
And I shall bring him, whose wide Reach of Thought
Shall fathom all thy Depths—— [Exit Demaratus.

Arist. 'Tis fix'd! ye Fates, this Hour I shall learn
How far the just and upright Views of Virtue
May dare to hope your Favours——Righteous Powers,
Ye Guardians of my Country's Fate, bespeed,
And guide me, while I tread these dangerous Paths:
And Oh, if ever *Aristides* fought
Your Cause, the Cause of Truth and Virtue here,
Prosper him now, and let my Words pierce thro'
The proud, the swelling Heart of this *Themistocles*;
That, like some Sore, lanc'd by the Leech's Hand,
It may disgorge the Venem lodg'd within.
'Tis true, he holds me his determin'd Foe;
But, if his Hate extends not past the Grave,
With Joy my Blood shall seal the Peace of *Athens*.
A trivial Price! For what is Life, ye Powers,
If *Greece* be conquer'd, and her Sons enslav'd?

Enter *Themistocles* and *Demaratus*.

The. What art thou? that hast dar'd, with busy Zeal,
To interrupt the publick Joys and mine?
Are there not Hours enough in Life for Care,
That this great Sabbath of my Soul must lose
Its Privilege of Peace?——Know st thou, this Day
I pay to Joy, To-morrow to Revenge,
The Business of the World, Revenge, and Glory?

Arist. I know it well; and therefore am I come,
Like thy good Genius, watchful of thy Fate,
To wake thy Soul, which, on the steepy Precipice
Of thy high Fortune, sleeps supine, and haply
May, dizzied with the giddy Heights thou'st gain'd,
Fall down, thy Fame, thine Honour lost for ever.

The. Say'st thou? speak out——thou shalt be answer'd

Arist. I cannot, till we're private. [nobly——

The. Fear not——this Man is as my self——my Friend,
Long try'd and known; my better Half of Soul.

Arist. The less I care to trust him——I've to speak,
What will demand thy most abstracted Soul,

And claim the Gods, and Thee, sole Auditors.

The. And we will hear thee fully—leave me with him—

Dem. Think better on't—This may be some Assassin, Desp'rate, and arm'd against your Life.

The. Be't so—I see no Hosts he brings to aid him, He's but a Man, and has a Man to cope with : Leave us alone—And know, when I can fear Ought but the Gods, I am no more *Themistocles*.

[*Exit Demaratus.*

Now speak—unfold thyself, and thy high Business, Whose Slave art thou ?

Arist. It matters not ; but know, whate'er I am, I am no Slave to *Persia*, like *Themistocles* ; No Slave to *Xerxes*, and oppressive Tyranny : I have not sold myself to the base Views Of foul Ambition, and the Thirst of Power ; And tho' I wear these servile Marks of Bondage, I'm free, and own no other Lord on Earth, But Reason, and the Gods, from whom I hold it.

The. What means this daring Preface ? Wretch, what wouldst thou ?

Arist. I would be what I was, and hope to die, A free-born *Grecian*, born to act, and think, As suits the noble Being of a Man. I would, that thou shouldst dare to be *Themistocles*, To be thyself ! to reassume thy Reason, And wear that high-rais'd Name, which grac'd Thee once,

The Boast ! the Prop ! the Friend of thy brave Country ! But O, vain Hope ! thy Power, thy Pride, thy Passions, Are all in Arms against me.—Yet I come, With Truth, with Reason and the Gods, to friend, To take a nearer Prospect of thy Soul, And boldly lay great *Athens'* Wrongs before thee.

Them. Rush not upon thy Death—my Hand is arm'd. [half drawing.

Arist. True, with thy Sword—but I am arm'd with Innocence, Less penetrable than the Steel-ribb'd Coats

That harness round thy Warriors—O *Themistocles*,
 Thy Sword is blunt, and thy strong Arm is Sinewless
 To Souls like mine, who in an honest Death
 Behold no Terrors like a guilty Life,
 Blotted with Wrongs, Injustice, and Oppression,
 Daring and great as Thine—

Them. Vile Wretch! Behold how calm the guiltless
 Soul

Can smile at Malice—be my Scorn thy Safety.
 Thou'lt learnt among thy free-born *Greeks* to think
 Slander and Envy are the Patriot's Virtues;
 Therefore bark on! rail! name that Act, that Thing,
 Which can attain my Fame with such Dishonours.

Arist. I will—Think of that Field besmear'd with
 Blood,

When thy fell Sword loaded th' *Egyptian* Plain
 With the red Carnage of the vanquish'd *Greeks*,
 Thy murder'd Brethren—Think! recal the Hour,
 When choak'd with Gore, and gash'd with gaping
 Wounds,

They cry'd in vain, *Themistocles*, have Mercy!
 Save, save thy Kindred Tribes, and stop the Slaughter!

Th. Slanderer, 'tis false, most false! My pierced Heart
 Bled at their Cries, and my fond Eyes pour'd Tears,
 Fast as their Wounds stream'd Blood—Thro' the mix'd
 Hosts

I rush'd, I flew, and sav'd the Lives of Thousands.

Arist. Yes, to reserve them for new Woes, new In-
 juries,

To lead them boastful to adorn thy Triumphs,
 And shew thy *Persian* Slaves, a Sight, before
 Unknown, the *Grecians* chain'd and bound—O Heaven!
 Where slept, that Day, the Soul of this *Themistocles*,
 That Mercy could not wake it! Lo, these Bonds

[*shakes his Chains.*]

That rattle in thine Ears; 'tis Thou hast ty'd them:
 Are these the due Rewards of all my Toils,
 For fighting for my Country in the Field?
 For our dear native Soil, the Land of Liberty;
 For *Greece*, the favourite Nation of the Gods:

When,

When, like a Robber, Thou o'er-match'd our Strength,
And tore my dearest Wealth, my Freedom, from me!

The. If that were Guilt, that Guilt is wip'd away,
Since he, who tied those Bonds, did loose them too,
Pity'd your Suff'rings, and restor'd your Freedom.

Arist. At last you did so—true—but on such Terms,
That I am come to render back thy Gifts,
And tell thee I prefer my Chains before them.
Think'st thou, *Themistocles*, thy unjust Shackles,
Can bow a *Grecian* Soul to stoop so low,
To guard thy Tyrant's Standards; to unloose
The everlasting Bonds that ought to tie
The brave Man to his Country, to his Conscience?
To bribe him, with his Freedom, to embrace
The Slav'ry of Hell; and like the Fiends,
Condemn'd to all the Stings of horrid Guilt,
Wage savage Conflict, and unnatural War,
E'en with that Power, whence they deriv'd their Being?
Ah no! Such Terms disgrace the gen'rous Views,
For which alone, *Grecians* are wont to live,
Or bravely choose to die——

The. Go, get thee hence——begone——(The Ser-
pent's Tongue,
Hath with its Venom pierc'd my Heart, and thrill'd
The boiling Flood that warm'd it [*Aside.*] Have done——
away——

My Sword hath drunk too deep of *Grecian* Blood,
Why should it blush with Thine?

Arist. Because I am thy Country's steadfast Friend,
And ever wish'd Destruction to her Foes;
And therefore most to Thee—Nay more, because
I'll turn a Traytor for the Bribes you promis'd,
And place within thy Power, thy stubborn Foe;
This hated *Aristides*—— [*throws off his Disguise.*]

The. Ha!—By my Sword, 'tis he!—I've found mine
Enemy. [*starts surpriz'd, Sword half drawn.*]
Ye Gods, I think I fear him—or my Wrath
Hath watch'd itself to Drowiness.—I've, ere now,
Beheld Fate perching on my Foeman's Sword,
And hov'ring round mine Head—I have seen Dangers,
As

As near resembling Death, as mighty Rivers,
 Ere they be past, do the vast Ocean's self:
 Yet never did my Heart beat so appall'd
 As now, to see Thee here, unarm'd, and helpless.

Arist. Thus sure, at *Minos'* Judgment Seat shall stand
 The Innocent and Guilty; one o'erwhelm'd
 With conscious Shame, the other Bold and Dauntless!
 Whence loiters thus thy Sword? I thought, ere this,
 It would have pierc'd my Breast—Behold I lay
 It open to thee—Strike fiercely, as thou didst
 In *Egypt's* Fields, when thy Revenge insatiate,
 Made half the *Grecian* Matrons Childless.

[*Sword sheath'd.*

The. My Heart pleads for thee—and thy Virtue
 charms me—

And yet—beware—Thou know'st I am a Man,
 A Man, whose Spirit, as the Thunder turns
 The gen'rous Wine, is sour'd by his Wrongs,
 Sore wrought and fretted by imbitt'ring Injuries.
 Be wise! beware—know thou'rt my fellest Foe!

Arist. I am—because thou art thy Country's Enemy;
 Bate me that Name, there's not that Man on Earth,
 Whose Virtues lodge more neighbour'd to my Soul!

The. Hast thou not sign'd the fatal Roll that banish'd
 me?

Absent, condemn'd my House, Wealth, Fortune, Fa-
 mily;

Hast thou not set a Price upon my Head,
 As for a Publick Robber, and proclaim'd,
 The weighted Gold, for which my Blood shall sell,
 Branding my Name with Traytor?

Arist. This *Athens* did for Thee, and I for *Athens*.
 Tho' witness, Heav'n, when the harsh Doom was past,
 What Tears did wash the publick Ways of *Athens*;
 What Groans did shake the Temples of the Gods,
 To see thee so condemn'd—Thou who hadst stood
 The Bulwark, and lov'd Champion of her Safety:
 The Safeguard, Ornament, and Praise of *Greece*!
 But, who can blame the Parent, when his Son
 Strikes at his Life, to stand on his Defence,

And

And stab the Paricide who seeks his Ruin?

The. Was I that Paricide?—All-knowing Gods!
Judge you betwixt me, and my thankless Country!
Have not my Prayers been paid for her Prosperity?
When did she grieve, that ever I rejoyc'd?
When did she triumph, and my Spirit mourn?
When fled her Foes, but when my Sword pursu'd them?
When did they conquer, but when I was gone?
Have not my Youth, my Manhood, and mine Age
Been wasted in her Service, to defend
Her Liberties, Possessions, nay, those Laws
Which now she turns to banish, and destroy me!

Arist. I see you're mov'd, but Truth must not be
smother'd,

You know, *Themistocles*, you know your Banishment
Was drawn on you, because you stood suspected
Of plotting with * *Pausanias* 'gainst thy Country;
Which, since thy covert Flight, to *Persia's* Tyrant,
And joining with him in enslaving *Greece*,
Have but too well confirm'd_____

The. Thy Zeal misleads thee—therefore I forgive
thee_____

But know, if I did fly, I fled for Life;
For the poor fond Desire that runs thro' all,
Of breathing here a few toil'd Moments longer,
And letting *Greece* behold my spotless Innocence.
For if my Heart, e'er tainted with his Treasons;
If e'er my Soul thirsted for *Athens'* Blood;
If, under the keen Anguish of my Suff'rings,
The Smart of Persecution's Iron Rod,
And all the Wrongs an human Soul could feel,
If *Athens* held not still her Grasp within,
Stole half my Prayers, and almost all my Sorrows,
Dart here, ye Gods, your hottest Bolts of Vengeance!
Oh Nature thou art strong—too strong and busy.

[weeps sullenly and groans.

Arist. Then pardon Heav'n, and thou, that so I
wrong'd thee. [Kneels.

* Vide Nepos, Plutarch.

Ye Powers, he weeps! the injur'd Hero weeps! [*Rises.*
 The Deluge of his Grief o'erwhelms his Soul!
 Oh let me join my Tears with thine, *Themistocles*;
 These Drops be sacred to our Country's Peace.
 No more my Foe! my Friend! my Soul's great Lord!
 Enter my Heart, thou'rt an *Athenian* still.

[*Weeps and embraces.*

The. I am—I am—I am an injur'd one!

Arist. Injur'd, indeed, but generous, and forgiving,
 Nay, I will wrestle with thee e'en to Death,
 'Till I prevail, 'till from this Tyrant's Side,
 I draw, tear, drag thee to defend thy Country.

The. Oh that thou couldst—how happy were *Themistocles*!

But ah, hard Sentence—it must never be!

Arist. Where is the Let?—When once the Soul revolts,

All other Ties are gone! Oh speak, *Themistocles*,
 Bound, as thou art, to *Xerxes*, couldst thou see,
 Say, couldst thou see, thy native Soil enslav'd,
Athens involv'd in Flames, her Fields in Blood;
 Her Citizens murder'd, and her Laws abolish'd;
 Her Virgins ravish'd, and her Youth in Bondage:
 Nor give a Tear to mourn, an Hand to help her?

The. Say rather, could this *Athens* see me thus
 An out-cast Exile, loath'd, traduc'd, defam'd,
 My Fortunes shipwreck'd, and my Children thrown,
 Expos'd to the sharp Rigours of the World,
 Nor once repent, nor give one pitying Tear,
 One friendly Call, to say, Return, *Themistocles*,
 Return, possess thy ancient Fame, and Honours.

Arist. She had, she would, but that she knew thy Rage,
 And fierce Resentment, would reject and scorn her.

The. Ah no— one Word had call'd me back, and
 sav'd her,

My Soul had quit her high Pursuits of Fame,
 Like the mann'd Hawk had hast'ned to the Lure,
 And list'ned to the human Voice with Joy.

Arist. Then lo, how *Athens* and the Gods do answer
 thee;

[*Gives him a Parchment.*

Read

Read there, a Publick Act, my Care procur'd thee,
Reversing thy hard Sentence—with one Voice,
Demanding thy Return, again to lead
Her Armies forth, and guard thy Country's Safety.

The. Ha!—'tis true! Amazement! do I wake?

[*Reads.*

My Banishment repeal'd, my Fame restor'd:
Oh let me fold thee to my Heart—no more
My Foe, thou just, thou good, thou generous Friend,

[*Embrace.*

My Heart is full of *Athens*, and of thee.
Oh let me tear these Shackles from thy Limbs:
Curst be the Day that ty'd them, and thrice blest

[*Unchains him.*

This Hour, that Heav'n hath lent me, thus to loose them.

Arist. Ye Gods, how sweet, how pleasing to the Soul,
Are the dear Transports, that from Virtue spring,
And never shaken Honour!—Oh *Themistocles*,
Tear off thy Shackles too with mine—away—
Haste, let us fly to *Athens*, and again
Humble her haughty Foes.—This brave Revolt
Shall sink their Hearts as low, as it shall raise
Thy glorious Fame on high—Whence that Groan?

The. From a poor Heart, where *Xerxes*, and my
Country

Already are at War, and in wild Combat
Fierce, strive for Mast'ry—Oh *Aristides*,
Help! aid me! join, to part the horrid Fray.

Arist. Rather let *Aristides*' Aid be ask'd
To give the glorious Vict'ry to our Country;
Haste, fly with me—Desert the Tyrant's Standards.

The. No, *Aristides*, no!—tho' witness Heav'n,
I think this Arm, no more, should dare to wield
A Sword against her, or, with impious Rage,
Presume to stab my Mother's bleeding Bowels;
Tho' the poor beggar'd Remnants of my Days,
The Labours of my Life, shall all be hers,
Yet, to reject my Friend, to fly from *Xerxes*,
To be ungrateful to his generous Love,
Betray his Kindness, and deceive his Hopes,

Is what my honest Soul abhors to do!

Arist. Then all's o'er-turn'd—how can you serve
your Country?

The. I hope I can, and nobly—if the Gods
Do disappoint those Hopes, I still have left
The noble Joy of perishing to save her!

Arist. Oh! pause awhile upon the mighty Hazard,
My Counsels all are safe.

The. But they're ungenerous—To serve my Country,
Death, Ruin, all look lovely, but Ingratitude.
Yet I have thought of Measures, which the Gods,
My Duty and my Reason, bid me follow,
Answ'ring at once the mighty Debt I owe
My Royal Master, and my native Soil;
Yes, 'tis decreed—bespeed my Hopes, ye Heav'ns!
I'll trust my Power and Influence over *Xerxes*,
Which join'd with *Nesipsolema's*, shall gain
A lasting Peace to *Athens*—'Tis determin'd!
From her thou shalt appear as an Ambassador,
And at the Feet of *Xerxes*, seal her Pardon.
Away, let's hasten, and concert our Measures.

Arist. I fear th' Event—I fear for all; but most
I fear for thee, *Themistocles*!

The. Where is the Cause? or grant there were, alas!
Can ought betide us Ill, while we pursue,
The gen'rous Views of Honour—oh my Friend,
The Gods to those, their great Assistance lend,
Who Truth and Virtue, for their Guides do take,
And thro' the glitt'ring Baits of Fortune break,
To hazard all Things for their Country's Sake.

[*Exeunt*,

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

(The Royal Pavilion, or Tent. Enter Aristides dress'd as an Ambassador, with Themistocles.

Arist. I Doubt your watchful Enemies Attempts,
Them. Banish mean Fears—my settled Hopes are
built

Safe as the Eaglets high impervious Aeries,
On the clear Summit of a rooted Rock,
Mocking the Climber's Skill—in Xerxes' Heart
My Services are grafted deep, and there
Grow, shelter'd from all Storms——

Arist. So may you find it now——

Them. Be't as it may——my Soul is fix'd on this,
To gain my glorious Views, to serve my Country,
Or to atone the Wrongs my Sword has done her,
I'll put my Power, nay, my Life at Hazard.

Arist. It is a dang'rous, but a glorious Venture.

Them. Nay, I esteem it such—but I will on,
Where virtuous Honour calls me.

Arist. Altho' Success, the Deity of Fools
Should fail you, Fame and Virtue, which alone,
Are worth the brave Man's Care, must crown this Action;
And haply, this Revolt of *Artemisia*
May make him give our Pray'rs a readier Hearing.

Them. I rather doubt, it may have stirr'd too much,
His high and haughty Spirit—Men like him,
Of hot, impassion'd Tempers, often, like
Their kindred Element, when set in Motion,
Consuming first, what kindled up their Flames,
Catch round at ev'ry Thing, to feed their Fury.
This Caution therefore, arm you firm in Patience,
That throwing off the Sternness of your Nature,
You do apply the soft, and soothing *Lentiva*
Of Lowliness and Meekness, to assuage

All Gifts of Passion that may rise against you.

Arist. I am instructed.

Them. Oh, be so—for take note, less potent Men,
When forc'd to struggle with superior Power,
Must, like our *Grecian* Wrestlers, oil and smooth
Their suppled Limbs, to sooth the rougher Grasp
Of stronger Arms, and loose their Hold the sooner.
But hark, these Trumpets shew, the nuptial Feast
Is over, when the lovely *Persian* Queen [*Trumpets.*
Hath promis'd here to meet my secret Summons.

Arist. Her friending, or opposing our Designs,
Import us highly—yet, to own my Fears,
I doubt she is so flush'd with the vast Views
Of Power, and th'exalted Heights she has gain'd,
That, like the Faulcon, tow'ring in her Pride,
And warm, and eager, for the glorious Quarry,
She will despise the skilful Faulkner's Call,
Nor listen to the Voice that us'd to guide her.

The. Reject such Thoughts----and lo, she comes to answer them.

Enter Nesiptolema—crown'd—

Nesip. My ever-honour'd Lord, whom, next to Heav'n,
And far beyond what this poor World calls Great,
I have regarded, I am come to pay you
The first Fruits of my Crown, and pleas'd, enjoy
The sweetest Privilege of Empire here,
The Power of pleasing, and obeying you.

The. Welcome, my Soul's Desire—thou hast brought
The same Affection, the same duteous Fondness,
That still adorn'd thy Life, and made thee dear
As Light unto mine Eyes: I see—I hope,
Thou art not chang'd at all—

Nesip. Whence is the Doubt? thou know'st, thou
know'st I am not.

The. I doubt my self, not thee—for I, my Daughter,
Am chang'd so much, perhaps, thou scarce can'st know me;
I'm turn'd the Friend, no more the Foe of *Athens*,
She hath restor'd my Fame, regain'd my Heart,
And I have vow'd to seal her Peace with *Xerxes*,
And join thy Prayers with mine, to bind it sure.

Nesip.

Nesp. Alas! I tremble for the dreadful Consequence.
O lay! speak! whence proceeds this wond'rous Change?

The. From Reason, and from him — behold this Man,
Whom thus I told unto my Heart, and hail
With the first Name 'mongst Men, a faithful Friend;
But a few Moments since, he was th'abhorr'd
And hated *Aristides* —

Nesp. Still hold that Man abhorr'd, who gives such
Counsels,

To hazard, for ungrateful *Athens'* Peace,
My Royal *Xerxes'* Friendship, nay, his Love,
(It, blushing, I may use so kind a Name,
'To *Athens'* Royal Foe) — or, grant, that Love
Must yield to haughty Honour, is not mine
(I dare not mention yours) tied strictly down,
To serve great *Xerxes'* and detest his Enemies?

The. Mistake me not — I would be heard, and calmly.

Nesp. It 'tis displeasing to you, I'll be silent;
But oh! if *Xerxes'* Love, and *Athens'* Int'rest,
Be ballanc'd 'gainst each other, shall I doubt,
To give one Tear, to turn the Beam for him?
Why name I him? for Duty, Fame, and Honour!
Oh! can we e'er forsake him? Oh! bethink,
My honour'd Sire, to what vast Heights, the Flood
Of his high Love hath rais'd us.

The. I've not forgot it — no, my Child, 'tis that
Which sets me firm in Hope, and bids me speak
With Courage, to prevent our Country's Bondage:
Say, can my Sword pursue her, when repentant
She calls for Mercy from me? — can I live
By *Athens'* Ruin, working out my Way
Into the World, most Viper-like, by gnawing
E'en thro' my Mother's Bowels?

Nesp. I know not ought of that; but what I do,
My Father shall forgive me that I speak.
I know, by all th'endearing Ties of Love
And sacred Honour, we are bound to *Xerxes*;
I know, I know, that to his generous Heart,
We live most neighbour'd now, and this Attempt —

Arist. But still he lives an Enemy to *Athens* —

Still think of that--- there is the Thought, which shakes
His inmost Peace of Soul -----

Nesip. I spoke not to you ----- must I not be heard,
When *Xerxes'* Honour, nay, mine own's concern'd?
I well remember, when your Law condemn'd
My absent Father, I would then have spoke,
But was not heard ----- ev'n my Grief was scorn'd,
And my Sighs mock'd ----- must it be so again?

The. Touch not on that, I have no Memory for it---
All is amended fully---- he is now
My best esteemed Friend--- and if

Nesip. I know not what he is--- I only speak,
That once I knew him for your bitterest Foe,
And ought to fear it still--- Is he not come,
To drive us like a Tempest, from our Port,
From *Xerxes'* Heart, where we are safely harbour'd,
To perish in new Storms of Fate again?

The. Fear not, my Child, be aiding to my Pray'rs,
And *Xerxes*, by so many Ties secur'd,
Shall cheerfully applaud, and crown our Piety.

Nesip. Th' Event's most doubtful ----- wherefore
should we risque

Our Peace, and its great Fountain, *Xerxes'* Love;
For cruel, thankless *Athens*? --- Oh my Father,
* The *Grecians* use thy Power like the Shade
Of some wide-spreading Palm, which when the Skies
Are cloudless and serene, with barbarous Hands
They strip its fairest Branches, and tear off
Its verdant Honours; but return in haste,
And seek for Shelter from it in the Storm.

The. Be't so, --- Yet know, while the least Bough re-
mains

A Twig, a Leaf, they shall be shelter'd still. ---
Nay more, tho' they had stript my Glories bare,
My Head expos'd to all the angry Winds;
My naked Trunk should face the growling Tempest,
And guard them till I fell -----

* V. Plutarch Apothegmata.

Nesip. If 'tis resolv'd, then wherefore am I call'd?

The. Not to debate, but to befriend my Purposes,
And if my pray'rs with *Xerxes* be repuls'd
To second them with all thy soft Persuasion.
In this obey me, or my Hope's deserted,
Secure enjoy the mean Delights of Empire,
And safe on *Xerxes'* Throne, pursue no more
The nobler Heights of Fame, to which I'd raise thee.

Nesip. Oh! wound me not with such unkind Suspi-
cions;

Tho' much I fear offending royal *Xerxes*,
Yet more I dread the disobeying thee.
No, take me, lead me.— My fond Soul is bound
To follow thee thro' ev'ry Maze of Life,
And trust thy Guidance thro' each Path of Ruin.

The. My Favourite! nay, my Friend.— But haste,
retire;

Th' Emperor comes. ——— To *Aristides'* Care
I leave it to instruct you in our Purpose,
And speak the generous Motives of my Change.

Nesip. Your Will, your Lot, whate'er it is, be mine.

[*Exeunt Nesip. and Arist.*]

The. He comes.— Now think on't, Fates.— I'm fix'd
already.

Enter Xerxes with Guards and Train.

Xer. Where hast thou been? what Cares for *Xerxes'*
Fame,

Have torn thee from my Side, and robb'd the Banquet
Of half the vast Profusion of its Joys?

The. I have not Time for Joy; methinks each Day
Thus paid to slothful Mirth, throws back our Hopes,
And leaves us in a vast Arrear to Fame.
Great Monarchs, like the Sun, should ev'ry Hour,
Be circling round the Earth, surveying all.
Such are my Cares for thee; and, lo! they bring
Important Tidings to thee.

Xer. Thou mean'st the bold Retreat of *Artemisia*,
With all her Troops, and our revolted Generals,
Yet know, my Heart unshaken feels the Loss,
But as the tainted Purgings of its Blood,

Whose Absence, tho' it drains its Strength a while,
Adds to his Health the more.

The. Let all thy Foes, like those Revolters, fly
Thy dreaded Presence.----- Vainly they desert
Thy royal Standards, while thy Name performs
The Work of Armies, and unaided awes
The stubborn *Greeks* to bend beneath thy Throne,
To own thy Power, and sue for Peace from *Xerxes*.

Xer. What mean'st thou? Say,----- Peace, and to me?
from them?

The. Already *Athens*, trembling at thy Name,
Hath hither sent her vanquish'd *Aristides*,
Submissive to intreat thy great Alliance,
Humbled with conscious Shame, she kneels before thee,
And sends her great Ambassador to plead
Her Cause, and hail *Persia's* majestic Monarch.

Xer. Haste, call him in.----- Now our up-lifted
Sword [Exit *The.*

Is at their Threat, the Slaves cry out for Mercy,
And dread the winged Vengeance of our Fury.

Enter Themistocles with Aristides.

The. Behold the Monarch of this Eastern World,
Whose royal Ear, when the Afflicted call,
Stands open as th' unfolded Gates of Heav'n,
To let the suffering in.

Arist. Hail to the glorious Majesty of *Persia*,
Before whose Throne, as at the Seat of *Minos*,
The congregated Nations kneel for Justice,
And from his wide-stretch'd Mercy wait their Sentence;
Behold I come, deputed from the State
Of *Athens*, as their sacred Legate here,
To sue for Peace from thee, and claim thy Friendship.

Xer. Think'st thou the Enmity of warring Nations,
That, like two Combatants, have stood so long
In Honour's Field contending for the Mastery,
Bath'd in each other's Blood, can be, with Ease
Affianc'd, and their deadly Feuds remov'd?
Shall a few womanish Prayers atone for all
The Millions of my Slain; for slaughter'd Hosts
And the red Carnage of the merciless War?

No, by the *Persian* Ghosts, whose Bones, unbury'd,
Thick strew your Plains, I will have mighty Vengeance,
Unless you stoop so low, that our proud Arm
Shallicorn to sink you more.

Arist. Who lies upon the Earth, can fall no lower;
Already *Greece* discomfited and vanquish'd,
With her best Blood hath purpled *Egypt's* Sands,
And bends beneath th' exalted Strength of *Xerxes*:
Alarm'd she sees grim War, with horrid Front,
Menace her Peace, and, with its Iron Teeth,
Gnash deep to harrow up her torn Fields;
But still, she knows, that great and godlike Minds,
Like yours, love more to pardon than destroy;
Mov'd with which Hopes, by me she sues for Peace,
And courts your Mercy, while she owns your Power.

Xer. 'Tis well th' offended Gods, by Prayers appeas'd,
Sometimes arrest the Thunderer's Bolts, to hear
And spare the Wretches whom their Rage could crush;
And be't so now, that I, whose Power on Earth
Stands high as theirs, in Pity may forgive
The vanquish'd *Greeks*, and, as my Subject-Slaves,
Protect whom else I as my Foes had punish'd.

The. I thank you, Gods, — *Greece* is not yet so low,
[*Aside.*

Arist. *Xerxes'* great Soul will sure in Bounty grant
His high Alliance on some nobler Terms
Than Slav'ry and Subjection.

Xer. No! by my Sword it 'tis for Peace you sue,
In Peace be *Persia's* Vassals.

Arist. Vassals and Slaves? — No, we disdain such
Terms.

No, mighty Gods? *Greeks* suit not well with Bondage!
*What more than human Power canst thou shew
To enforce so vast a Claim, such abject Homage?

Xer. I bring two Goddesses of Race divine,
Force and Persuasion; Save, now chuse thou whether.

* Vide Plutarch for the very Words of the following six Lines.

Arist. Then know, I bring two Goddesses as great;
 The Love of Liberty, and Scorn of Death.
 No, *Xerxes*, we can live thy faithful Friends,
 Or die like fearless Foes,— *Greece* is not yet
 So far abandon'd by the angry Fates,
 To buy her Peace with Chains.

The. His Sternness will, I fear, o'erturn our Hopes,
 [*Aside.*

Xer. Hence, Fugitive! hast thou escap'd our Sword
 In *Egypt's* Fields, to come and brave us here?
 * I thought thou cam'st to bring me Earth and Water,
 The usual Tribute that submissive Nations
 Send to their conqu'ring Lords.— Go, tell thy *Greeks*,
 Those who revolt to *Xerxes* shall receive
 Cities for Villages, for Hamlets, Provinces;
 While those thou hop'st dare meet me in the Field,
 Shall perish like weak Worms, trod down, and trampled
 E'en by their Feet 'gainst whom they turn in vain.

Arist. That yet is in the Fates.

Xer. 'Tis false! 'tis in our Sword, on which the Fate
 Of *Athens* hangs, and loaden with the Wrongs
 Of my *Themistocles*, shall level low
 Her Bulwarks with the Ground.— Now, by Our Self,
 The greatest Name on Earth, I swear, *Themistocles*,
 With amplest Retribution I'll avenge thee.—

The. Most generous *Xerxes*, deeply am I bound
 In ev'ry View of Life to thank your Bounty,
 And may high Heav'n befriend me as I wish
 Thro' the poor Portion of my Days to come,
 My Services, my Sword, my Life could answer
 Such undeserv'd, such most unbounded Goodness.

Xer. What means my Friend, my Father, nay, my
 Soldier?

The. By all those ever-lov'd, still-honour'd Names
 I claim your patient hearing;— and if e'er
 My Toils have crown'd your royal Head with Vic'try;
 If e'er my Sword hath propp'd your sinking Empire,

* Vide Plutarch for the five next Lines,

And spread your wide Dominion where the Sun
Ne'er saw the *Persian* Standard. Oh! be kind,
And grant my pious Prayer, while thus I beg
For *Athens'* Peace and Freedom.

Xer. Ha! by my Hopes, another World like that

[*Starts surpriz'd.*

Will make me give thy Foes most ample Credence.—

Will make me think; ——— but, stay, I will not
think it ———

Thou can'st not. ——— No, ——— Thou would'st not join mine
Enemies.

The. No; when I do, may Heav'n avenge such Per-
jury.

Have I not sworn at the conscious Shrines,
Unending Faith to *Xerxes*?

Xer. Nay, what are Oaths, but fancy'd Bonds, the
Mind

Gives to ensure the Body, and put off

Vain Words for Deeds, and Promise for Performance?

'Tis not to Oaths, which only bind whom Nature

Had bound before, nor to warm Prayers and Vows,

Which the false Man can feign, I'd trust my Heart;

But, to thy former Life, which, as a Preface,

Shews what its following Pages will produce,

That bids me trust thee, and my best Hopes with thee,

And tells me, thou'lt prove true and faithful to me;

Thou wilt not plead for *Athens*. ———

The. Not while she's *Xerxes'* Foe. ——— But lo, re-
pentant,

She sues submissive; humbled and subdued

She bends before you, and implores your Friendship.

Tho' she's repuls'd, I may, perhaps, be heard:

If that my Wrongs obstruct her Hopes of Peace,

Here I forgive them all, and thus I bend

[*Kneels.*

For *Xerxes'* Grace, his Grace and Pardon to her.

Xer. Forbear, or thou wilt raise a Tempest here,

Will tear thy rooted-Int'rest in my Heart,

And blast thy full-grown Honours. ——— Is it thus

Thou would'st repay my Love? ——— Have not I made
thee

E'en as my self in *Persia*, rais'd thee high,
And fenc'd thee round with Power?

The. My Soul's best Thoughts are daily paid to thank
you.

Xer. 'Tis false, ——— Are these the due Returns of
Friendship?

The Favours Monarchs do to worthy Natures
Still born on the Wings of Love and Duty,
Return unto themselves, proving, indeed,
The Source e'en of that Power whence they flow;
Resembling thus the Rains Heav'n showers on Earth,
Which make it rich, yet still ascend in Vapours
To feed the Fountain whence they drew their Treasures;
But, oh! I find I've shower'd on thee my Bounties,
Like Dews on parched Sands that drink them up,
And leave no Trace behind them. ——— Leave me! fly!
Ungrateful Wretch, and head the Hosts of *Athens*. ———

The. The Gods o'erthrow me then. ——— Command my
Death,

But do not wound my Fame with vile Ingratitude.
He that hath Nature in him, must be grateful,
'Tis the Creator's primary great Law,
That links the Chain of Beings each to other,
Joining the greater to the lesser Nature,
Tying the Weak and Strong, the Poor and Pow'rful,
Subduing Men to Heav'n, and Brutes to Men.
When I want Gratitude, perish my Name,
Abhorr'd by *Xerxes*, by the Gods and Men.

Xer. If thou would'st pass for Grateful, let thy Deeds,
Not idle Words, approve it. ——— If thou'd'st shew
Thy Truth to *Xerxes*, here again renew
Thy Vows to aid me in destroying *Athens*.

The. Alas! I dare not. ——— Bid this Hand lop off
Its Fellow, and it shall perform the Task;
Or bid these goring Fingers from their Sockets
Tear forth these Eyes that weep for *Athens*' Suff'rings,
And they shall dash them to the Earth, and stop
Grief's Blood-shot Fountains, ——— But to wound my
Country

Now she submits, is a much harder Task,

Which

Which my swell'd Heart denies my Hand to do.

Xer. By Heav'n, the Traytor owns his base Revolt,
And lays his Plots, with *Athens*, for my Ruin.

The. Oh! think not so. — My Heart, my Sword, are
For ever yours, — chuse but some other Foe. — [yours,

Xer. I will; — I have: — Thou art the Foe I chuse
For Death and Vengeance. — — — — — Basest, worst of Men,
I've mark'd thee out for Ruin. — — — — — Seize, disarm him.

[*Guards seize him.*

Enter Nesiptolema.

Nesip. No, seize me first; and, for my bridal Bed,
Give me my Grave, ere with unhallow'd Hands,
You touch my Father. — — — — — Royal *Xerxes*, say,
Are these the Joys that suit the nuptial Hour?

Must then the Blood of my *Themistocles*
Cement our new Alliance? If it must,
Here, let out mine; Mine, whose unhappy Tears
Prevail'd upon his generous Soul to plead

For our lost Country's Peace. Mine was the Guilt,
And thus I come to claim it, and intreat [Kneels,
For Mercy to her. — No, no more for her,
But him. — For me, — For all! for my *Themistocles*!

Xer. All, all Confed'rates to o'erturn my Glory.
Speak some that can, for Wonder stops my Tongue!
Am I in *Persia* now, or have we reach'd
The *Grecian* Confines, where my secret Foes
Have rush'd, from Ambush, on me, and betray'd
By my own Guards, my Crown, my Throne, my Bed,
My Heart it self becomes a Prey to Traytors?

Nesip. Have we deserv'd such Titles? Is our Love
To *Athens* such a Crime as quite excludes
All Title unto yours? To yours, Oh *Xerxes*!
My first, my last, my only Source of Joy!
Oh! look not so incens'd, but smile upon me,
As you were wont. — Can you, for one Offense,
So soon forget the Vows of Love you breath'd
So often in my Ears? Where, where are all
The kind Caresses, and endearing Fondness,
That ty'd us to your Love — When, like a God,

Your

Your Power created us, and, out of nothing,
Bid us rise up to a new World of Glory?

Xer. Say! answer thou; where are the sacred Vows
This Hour offer'd at the conscious Shrines
Of the all-seeing Sun, of Love to me,
And ever-during Hate to cursed *Athens*?
Scarce made, but broken.—Perjur'd, faithless *Greeks*,
Such is my Love to you.—Ay, weep! weep on
Whole Deluges, they shall be spent in vain.
Thy Tears, that us'd to melt my Rage to Softness,
As Show'rs that thaw the hard Frost as they fall,
Now coldly drop, like petrifying Springs,
And turn my Heart to Stone! — Away! be gone!
Or Ruin may o'erwhelm you too with him.

Nesip. Let it come down. What Ruin can exceed
The Loss of Love, of *Xerxes*, of *Themistocles*!
All other Miseries are sweet to that.
Oh! turn not from me. — Look with those kind Eyes,
That once with Favour saw my low distress,
And rais'd me to those glorious Heights from whence
Your Anger hath, unpitying, cast us down.

Xer. Ay, think of that! of all my Love hath done.
To'venge your Wrongs, to raise your thankless Father
High as the Clouds, where, like the Sun, I form'd
Another Sun, whose Lustre rivall'd mine,
And shin'd so like mine own, the false one scarce
Could be distinguish'd from the true. — For him,
For you, I banish'd all my faithful Friends,
And drove bright *Artemisia* from my Heart,
But, by the Gods, I will amend it amply.
Haste! fly! recal the Queen. — Bring back *Mar-*
donius

And *Artaban*. — Haste! tell them that mine Eyes,
My Heart is open'd for them. — Say, I groan,
I pant, I dye, to do their Merit Justice,

[*Exeunt some Officers.*]

And banish hence these Traytors.

Nesip. First, let me die! kill me, before I hear
Those dreaded Sounds again. — My Lord! my King!
My Husband! may I add, my Love, Look on me!

Say, will you call her back? Is there no Room
Left for Repentance? Grief hath pierc'd my Soul,——
You mind me not.—— Can nothing touch your Heart?
See! I repent.—— My Soul shall join her Prayers
With yours, for *Athens'* Ruin.—— Mighty Gods!
May she fall low! May *Xerxes* triumph o'er her!
May his avenging Rage fall heavy on her,
And see her as distress'd, as lost as me!

Xer. Ha! say'st thou? Sure there's Magick in thy
Pray'rs,

That tho' I've found thee false, I trust thee still.
Oh thou hast got such Hold within my Breast,
That, like a barbed Dart, the Pain is less
To let thee still lie there, than tear thee thence
With furious Rage.—— Guards set him free——
I make thee

The Mistress of thy Father's Fate and *Athens'*——
Since thou again can'st hate her.—— If thy Prayers
Can, ere the Close of Day, reclaim his Faith
To lead our mighty Hosts against the *Greeks*,
I'll yet be yours, and his.—— But, note! if once
The setting Sun beholds our Mercy scorn'd,
Deaf to thy Grievs, sure Vengeance shall attend
So false a Mistress, and so base a Friend. [*Exit Xer.*

Arist. Haste, follow him.—— Thy Pray'rs may yet
prevail.

Nespi. Ah no! 'twere vain.—— I've lost his Heart for
ever.——

Unless my Father—— But I dare not name it.——
I will not,—— must not hope for *Athens'* Ruin.

The. Oh! add not that to all my Weight of Misery
That bends and sinks me down.—— No, cruel Fates,
Tho' you can make me wretched, 'tis beyond
Your Power to make me guilty.

Arist. What's to be done? Our scant'd Space of Time,
Asks Husbandry.—— Retire to your Tent,
And there adjust new Measures.

The. Wherefore, what Measures can the Ruin'd take,

[*Sullenly.*
But

But to become their Fate, and fall with Honour?

Nesp. I do beseech you, by these Tears, by all

[Weeping.]

The fond Obedience of my Life, by this
Last fatal Proof of filial Love and Duty,
That you'll retire, and see if you can yet
Retrieve your shatter'd Fortunes.

The. Hide but those Tears, and lead me where thou
wilt, ———

My lost, much injur'd Child! forgive and pity me!
Could not I fall, but I must drag thee down,
Spire of thy Prayers and Tears to share my Ruin!
Oh wounding Anguish! but I'll bear it all,
'Tis glorious for our Country's Good to fall.
The Gods, who succour Virtue in Distress,
Unhurt themselves, still add to their own Bliss,
And with more Joy from thence their Heav'n possess,
But those brave Men do e'en the Gods excell,
Who perish for the Joy of doing well.

[Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Royal Pavilion. Enter Artemisia, Mardonius and Artaban.

Mar. **W**HAT giddy Star To-day presides o'er
Persia?

The Fates are not an Hour of one Mind.
While, like tost Mariners, we're forc'd to veer,
And change our Course with ev'ry Gale they send us.

Arte. It matters not, since we've prevail'd at last,
And rise triumphant o'er our prostrate Foes.

Again, Oh *Persia*! we return to grace
Thy spacious Camps, and with our armed Hosts,
Secure thy Safety, and adorn thy Throne,

Art.

Art. A glorious Change indeed!
Fate is abroad, and stalking o'er the Field,
Whilst harness'd Terror and Confusion drive
Her Iron Plough, that overturns the Face
Of Things upon the Earth, and in its Bosom
Sows the hid Seeds of Labour.—On all Brows
But ours, dark-brooding Care and Sorrow sit
Mourning these Exiles Fall.

Mar. They reign'd, indeed, among the giddy Rour,
And in their Zeal and false Applause grew strong.

Art. Say, rather, 'twas to *Xerxes*' Sloth and Weak-
ness
They ow'd their Strength; which, with their Ruin, now
They strait shall answer.

Arte. Let the Weak threaten, whose enfeebled
Hands
Want Power to match their Wills—we stand possess'd
Of our large Hopes, and let us strait attend
Our mighty Monarch's Summons.

Mar. The Sun is set—let's haste, the Night hath
caught us.

Arte. Lo *Xerxes* comes, and like another Sun,
Rises to light us to new Days of Glory—

Enter Xerxes, attended—

Xer. Come to my Arms! my Queen! lodge in my
Soul! [*Embrace.*]
With these true Friends, where let our doubled Love
Atone our past Forgetfulness—then add not to
The Bitterness of Grief, by vain Reproaches;
I'm now my self again, and know my Friends,
Whom thus my Heart bids welcome— [*Embrace.*]

Arte. Fate never more divide us—be our Hearts,
Our Souls, our Hosts, our Crowns now join'd for ever.

Art. My Emperor! my Sword is thine again,
My Heart was ever so—

Mar. And mine with firmest Fealty.

Xer. Such I esteem you—self-condemn'd, I own
Your Faith to me, and Service to our Crown,
And brand my Fondness to these *Greeks*, with Folly!
I will not hide my Shame, it looks too like

Aliance

Alliance with their Crimes—by all my Hopes,
 These Minions, whom my Love had rais'd to Heights
 I blush to name, have join'd with *Greece* against me,
 From me revolted, form'd a League with *Athens*,
 And with her Legate, *Aristides*, here,
 Renounc'd my Cause, unless I sign'd her Peace.

Arte. Horrid Ingratitude! but they're found at last
 These smooth-fac'd Friends, tho' like false Gold, they
 wear

The Monarch's Stamp, his Image and Inscription;
 Yet to the Touch-stone brought, the specious Cheat
 Is soon discern'd, and the false Metal scorn'd.

Mar. Such Crimes do call for Punishment, as strange
 And monstrous, as their Nature—*Greeks* and Traytors!

Art. False, and ungrateful, to the best of Kings.

Arte. This we foretold you—
 While *Xerxes*—but I need not name a Weakness
 Your Actions have condemn'd, and soon will punish,
 In these detested Exiles.

Xer. Here I abandon them! be your Resentments
 The measure of their Crimes—pronounce their Doom,
 And our Imperial Sanction shall confirm,
 And seal it irreverfible.——

Arte. Then be immediate Banishment their Sentence.

Art. With Confiscation to the publick Service
 Of all the Wealth, immense, the *Greek* amass'd,
 And Forfeiture of those * Imperial Cities,
 Which, with unmeasur'd Bounty, you assign'd
 His Mensals and Domains——

Xer. Be it decreed—and ere the Sun salute
 This World again, see this, our Royal Mandate
 Enroll'd and executed——

Mar. That be my Care.

Art. Till then, dread Sovereign, the publick Safety
 Demands his close Confinement—ill it suits,
 Both with his State and ours, that here he walks
 At the full Length and Tether of his Power;
 When in the Soldiers Love, we know, he stands

* *Vide* Nepos.

So subtly rivetted, that with the least
Shew of his Danger, the mad Rout would run,
As if their holiest Temple were on Fire,
And risque their Lives to save him.—

Xer. That, in our Care, be answer'd—but behold,
Where *Nesiptolema*, no more our Empress,
Her Tresses all dishevell'd, and each Feature
Swell'd with the Rack of Grief, and conscious Guilt,
Hastes, with vain Tears, to deprecate our Vengeance.

Art. Admit her not——

Art. Deny her Audience! from your Presence drive
The false Deceiver—— she hath us'd so long
Your Ear to listen, and approve her Falshoods,
She yet may lead your easy Faith astray.

Xer. Let me no more be doubted—I am firm;
My Wrongs have prov'd a Med'cine to my Heart,
And cool'd the fev'rous Poison of her Love,
In my sick Blood——

Enter Nesiptolema.

Nesip. Where shall I turn? where, whither shall I fly
To find a Friend! a Friend to my Misfortunes?
When *Xerxes*, he, who us'd to guard me from them,
Is turn'd my Foe; when he, who us'd to cheer me,
Like a poor drooping Flower, with his Beams,
Withdraws his Influence now, and leaves me blasted
With the cold Dews of Night and dark Despair.
Yet, oh! if there are left some small Remains
Of Love and Mercy, in the Heart of *Xerxes*;
I come--wretched and lost! I come to claim them now!

Xer. Is not the Hour, assign'd for Mercy, laps'd,
And all the Offers of my Love disdain'd,
And sacrific'd to *Athens*—to mine Enemies?
What can you hope from me, but speedy Vengeance
For violated Faith, your perjur'd Vows,
And unexampled Falshood?——

Nesip. In vain, indeed, I've strove to move *Themis-
ticles*;

Too well, I know, I see the fatal Doom
Is pass'd, and our Destruction seal'd for ever.
No more my Sight is pleasing to thine Eyes;

No

No more my Voice delights thee, or my Prayers
 Lull your wak'd Wrath—nor dare I hope (alas!
 What can I hope, forlook by Heav'n and You)
 To shake the settled Purpose of your Soul,
 That has decreed our Fall—And yet, perhaps,
 My Royal Lord, in Pity may look back,
 On all the Truth, the Faith, the Love, the Services;
 The brave *Themistocles* (for oh, I fear
 To name my Self) once paid to mighty *Xerxes*!
 You may, you must remember, how his Arms
 Sustain'd your falling Power, how his Conquests
 Secur'd your Glory, how his earnest Breast
 Stood like a Shield, between your Throne and Danger!
 How oft he's bled for you, and thinking that,
 Mercy will cry, Let him not bleed again;
 Mercy will call to stop th' uplifted Sword,
 That stands unsheath'd, to pierce his noble Bosom.

Art. What mean these Shouts? there may be Danger in them, [Shouts distant.]
 Things stand unsettled, and some sudden Change
 May take us unprovided, [Aside to Mard.]

Mard. Fear not, I'll watch each Motion, and prevent it. [Aside to Art. & Exit.]

Arte. Alas! the Coward trembles for his Life,
 And sends her here to whine for Mercy for him.

Xer. I see't—'tis plain—degenerate and spiritless—
 But where Ingratitude, that Sin of Upstarts,
 And Vice of Cowards, once takes Root, a Thousand
 Base, grov'ling Crimes cling round its monstrous
 Growth,

Like Ivy to old Oaks, to hide its Rottenness.
 Away, have done—know for the Traitor's Life,
 Which he thinks worth his Pray'rs, we've scorn'd to
 take it,

Let him fly, banish'd hence, and bear the Burthen,
 To aid the *Greeks*, and plot against our Glory

Nesip. Alas! you know him not, you wrong his Virtue.

Arte. His Virtue! how the Name becomes his Treasons;

Away!

Away! fly hence, and banish'd, seek some Master
To flatter and betray.

Nesip. Must I not speak? not for a Father's Life?
May I not sue to save a Parent's Blood?
Can't I be heard? will *Xerxes* stop his Ears,
When all I ask, is to prevent the Death
Of his once-lov'd *Themistocles*?—this Moment
I left him prostrate, groaning on the Earth,
Determin'd, by his Death, to expiate all
His vain, imagin'd Guilt, resolv'd by one,
One fatal Blow, to prove his Faith to *Xerxes*,
And Love to *Greece*—Oh haste, in pity, haste,
Seize him, confine him, force him to your Side;
Do any thing—do all to save *Themistocles*!
Prevent, save, stop the Ruin he resolves!
And rush between his Bosom and the Blow!

Xer. What can this mean? has he resolv'd to die?

Arte. Some poor Evasion to delude your Justice.

Art. Some Artifice, in hopes to move your Mercy.

[*vast Shouts.*]

Xer. What would these hideous Clamours in the Camp?
Enter Mardonius and Officers bloody, Swords drawn, &c.

Mar. Arm, sacred *Xerxes*! take to your Defence,
While yet 'tis in your Power—Half the Troops,
Rais'd by some Friends and Creatures of *Themistocles*,
Demand their General's Safety—*Themistocles*
Is all the Cry, for ever live *Themistocles*!
All Order, all Command despis'd, part guard
His Tent, while others, like a Torrent, sweep
All Opposition down, and call aloud,
Clashing their Swords and Shields, to seize his Enemies.

Xer. Villains and Traitors! call our Guards—lead
up

The *Carian* Troops, and yours, to face the Tumult—
All will be lost! will none defend our Safety?

Arte. Our Troops, our Lives shall guard you.

Nesip. Whom shall they guard him from? will e'er
Themistocles

Lift up his Hand against the Throne of *Xerxes*?

No, witness Heav'n, that knows his Faith's unshaken!

E

Arte.

Arte. His Faith! abandon'd Traitor!—yes, these
 Tumults, [vast Shouts,
 These Shouts proclaim it loud! have not his Arts,
 And his Associates, rais'd these desperate Rebels,
 To menace all our Safeties?

Nesip. He rais'd them not; Guardians of injur'd In-
 nocence!

Just Gods! oh whisper Love and Truth to *Xerxes*,
 Witness, *Themistocles* abhors such Treasons!

Xer. 'Tis false, thou Traitors! he has hatch'd them
 all,

And while he works his secret Mines of Ruin,
 Hath sent thee here to spy upon our Weakness;
 Hark, thy Confed'rates call thee—hence, away!

[vast Shouts and Noise of Fighting,
 And join the Traitors ye have arm'd against us!
 For ever from our Bed, our Love divorc'd,
 Here I abjure thee—Hark the Trumpet summons.

[Trumpets,
 My Wrongs, the Gods, and *Artemisia* call;
 Greece trembles, her associate Traytors fall,
 And our arm'd Vengeance shall o'erwhelm them all.

[Exeunt all but *Nesiptolema*,
Nesiptolema *Sola*.

Nesip. False World! False Hopes! Ambition! Glo-
 ry! Love!

Empire! And all thy glit'ring Poms, and Power,
 Adieu! Adieu for ever! Yet, ye Fates,
 I could arraign your Justice, and demand,
 How I've deserv'd your Rage!—But I'll be silent,
 And since my Doom's pronounc'd, I'll give't such wel-
 come,

As doth the duteous Child, who in her Arms,
 To please her Guardians, takes the Wretch she loaths,
 And makes his Bed her Grave! What mean these Tu-
 mults? [Shouts,

Forbid it Heav'n, that my Father's Ruin
 Should arm a Sword against my King, my Husband,
 Rather than that, come all his envious Foes,
 And, trampling on his Virtue, close the Scene

Of his high Fame, his Hopes, and mine, for ever.

I'll haste to's Tent, and know what mean these Uproars;
Oh they are calm to those within my Bosom. [Shouts.
[Exit.

SCENE II. Themistocles's Tent.

Enter Themistocles, Aristides, Demaratus, with Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The. Urge me no more! your ill-directed Zeal,
While it hath aim'd this Shaft against my Foes,
Hath hurt ourself, and, with a mortal Wound,
Pierced my best of Life, my Fame, and Honour.

Arist. We've done what Men should do, who dare
prefer
Their Friends, and Country's Safety to their own.
With most successful Management we've gain'd
The half of all these Hosts to own your Quarrel,
And sate our fellest Vengeance on the Foes
Of Athens, and Themistocles.

Dem. We have brought o'er the bravest, boldest Veterans,
To rise for your Deliverance.—In their Files
Th' enrag'd Brigades do stand, and with Impatience
Call for Themistocles.—Haste! lead them on!
And Fortune is your own, to carve at Pleasure,
Both to your Friends, and Foes.

The. I think not of them—my firm Thoughts are
fix'd
On higher Views—Alas! my Hopes have soar'd
Above this under World, and all its Cares—
E'en Ruin, or Success, are grown to me
Alike indifferent—now not worth a Wish,
But never worth Sedition, or Rebellion.

Arist. Is it Rebellion, to oppose the Malice,
Of Athens' most inveterate Foes, and yours?

The. Yes, when they're arm'd by Xerxes—Oh, my
Hand
Is chain'd unto my Heart, that dares not rise
Against him, or any angry Thought,

Or one unkind Reproach---if he has doom'd me;
 I will not justify my Foes so much,
 To disobey him, and by Force resist
 Their Malice, or his will-----

Arist. Can you then see your Country thus expos'd
 To all the barbarous Fury of our Enemies,
 Nor rise in her Defence, when we have plac'd
 The Power in your Hands, to guard, to save her?

The. That might be spar'd—I've serv'd her well,
 faithfully,

E'en to my Ruin serv'd her—And since, now
 I must appear unfaithful unto *Xerxes*,
 Or cruel to my Country, I've resolv'd
 To perish like myself, to fall triumphant,
 And, with my Life, end the great, glorious Contest.

Arist. Then you art firm to die?

The. I am.

Dem. The Gods divert you from it—'tis a Change,
 Fearful to Nature still-----

The. To me it seems not so—Is Life so sweet,
 With all its Pains, that Death's great Writ of Ease
 Should be so dreadful to us, which is but
 Kind Nature's Alms, to Fortune's wretched Beggars?
 Sure he, who thro' his Life, like us hath scorn'd
 (When tempted) to shake off the human Nature.
 The Awe of Virtue, and the Love of Heav'n,
 Can never tremble, when his Honour calls,
 And bids him quit this Veil of Flesh, and Misery!
 All we should fear, is, while we act the Part
 Of Men, we sink not from the glorious Character;
 Or, by some vile, or vicious Act, disgrace
 The noble human Being—If we've fear'd that,
 Then, unappall'd, our Hearts may face Death's Terrors.

Arist. It is most true—I've liv'd but for my Country;
 And, since that View's no more, rather than see
 Her Bondage, and your Ruin, which I've caus'd,
 (Most innocently caus'd) I stand resolv'd
 To share your worst of Fortunes, and fall with you.

Dem. Oh yet, consider, you may live to turn
 The Ballance of your Fate, relieve your Friends,

Defeat your Enemies, and, once again
Reign in the Heart of *Xerxes*——

The. Say that I could — it is not worth my Care——
Alas! I've try'd this World in all its Changes,
States, and Conditions; have been great, and happy,
Wretched, and low, and past thro' all its Stages.
And oh, believe me, who have known it best,
It is not worth the Bustle that it costs;
'Tis but a Medley, all of idle Hopes,
And abject childish Fears.

Arist. True, true, indeed—— and since you have
decreed it,

Then let us strait bid it farewell for ever,
And, with a *Grecian*, and true Soldier's Spirit,
Shake off its threat'ned Bondage.

The. Be it so—— my Soul shall lead thee to its Refuge!
Bring in the poison'd Goblet, that shall raise
Our Spirits to the Gods—— [Slaves bring it in.]

Dem. Then let me beg by all your Love, to share
This last, this bitterest Trial of your Virtue.

The. I charge thee not, by all our holiest Friendship;
But when Death's leaden Hand hath clos'd our Eyes,
In *Grecian* Earth, within our Country's Bosom
Inhume our Bones, and labour to retrieve,
My most lov'd, most injur'd Daughter's Fortune.

Dem. I will! I will—— I dare not disobey you——

[weeps.]

The. I thank your Love—— One kind Embrace.

[Embrace.]

Thus, then Adieu! Eternally Adieu!
My Friend! my ever faithful *Demaratus*!

Once, and for ever farewell, *Aristides*!

[Embrace.]

My noble Rival in the Race of Honour!

Here, in this Cup, be drown'd our antient Enmity,
And all the little Cares of mortal Being.

Arist. My Soul is waiting at my Lips to pledge you.

The. Make we Libation of the Cup to *Jove*;

[kneels, and pours out some Wine on the Ground twice.]

Jove; the Deliverer, and Avenger:

To *Mercury*, of the Earth, and Heav'n's high Powers;

And, as at *Salamis*, with chearful Hearts,
Dauntless we charg'd, and overthrew the *Perfians*,
In Search of glorious Death, or beauteous Liberty,
Find we those Blessings now—— [drinks.]

Arist. Give me the healing Cordial for a Soul
Sick of this wretched World—— Ye mighty Spirits,
Who, in Defence of our dear Country's Liberty,
Bravely resign'd, and offer'd up your Lives.
To you I drink, invoke you to the Pledge,
And haste to mingle with you—— [drinks.]

The. What, look you pale already? How is't with you?

Arist. E'en as with one, who in mid Ocean shipwreck'd,
Strives yet to swim a little, and survive
A few short Moments e'er he sinks for ever.

Dem. I fear your Enemies approach.

The. Fear thou that art to live—— we have shook off
That Bondage of the Soul—— Yet, *Nesiptolema*,
Still I must fear for thee—— But, lo she comes.

Enter Nesiptolema.

Yet, once again my fond desiring Eyes
Behold thy Face, mine Arms shall fold thee close,

And my pale Lips shall bless thee ere I die. [Embrace.]

Nesip. Fate shan't deny us that, tho' *Xerxes'* Sword
Fills all yon Fields with Blood, and thirsts for thine,
Trampling o'er all thy murder'd Friends, he comes,
Surrounded with our Foes—— Haste, fly, escape,
Before their Vengeance seize you.

The. Thro' my Life's Race I never fled my Foe,
Nor will I think on't now.

Arist. Farewel to Life, and thee, much wrong'd *The-*
mistocles. [Dias.]

The. What, art thou gone? Farewel, thou noble *Gre-*
cian.

The truest Patriot, and the justest Man,
Be writ with Tears upon thy honour'd Grave.

Nesip. What me, as this? Who hath slain him?

[Starts surpris'd.
Haste!

Haste! Speak! Alas! my Fears out-run thy Words;
You have forsook me, stole to Death in private,
And left me in a wild un pitying World,
Friendless, and desolate—This Bowl is poison'd—

The. It is—'Tis that which hath deliver'd him,
And is untying here the Load of Life
Which I have bore so long—

Nesip. Then here is that which shall set free my Soul,
And lend me Wings to soar with you to Heav'n,
That shall prevent the Triumph, the edg'd Scorn
Of *Artemisia's* Pride, and *Xerxes'* Falshood.

[going to take the Goblet off the Table, he seizes it,
Lend me the Bowl—for never did thy Hand,
Reach me so rich a Cordial, so true Comfort.

The. It must not be, such Presents ill would suit
So fond a Father's Hand—Oh, be't enough,
That my rash Folly hath undone thy Peace,
Let me not kill thee too—thou shalt not taste it—

Nesip. By all the wild Despair that tears my Soul
I must—I will—unkind—Can you suppose
I poorly would survive the mighty Loss
Of Love, of *Xerxes*, Glory, Fame, and thee?

No, give me Daggers, Poison, Plagues, or Flame:
Oh, any Fate but that—Lend me the Bowl,

My Soul's a-thirst to die— [strives to seize it]

The. I cannot, will not,—Thy dear Love arrests
My half-consenting Hand— [shouts.]

Nesip. Hark, they approach—Say, wouldst thou see
me live,

Persia's vile Scorn, and *Artemisia's* Slave?
What? Can you leave me to my Foes abandon'd,
And grudge to take me with you?

The. My Spirits sicken—Say, can I resolve
To see thee perish! perishing by me—
My Nerves droop, slackned, and my Hand grows weak,
And trembles while it struggles to preserve thee—
I bend to Earth—yet thus, thus to the last

[sinks down, and dashes down the Bowl.
I'll wrestle with thee for thy Life, and save thee.

Nesip. Oh most unkind!----What die before me too?
Nay, then, thou fatal Minister of Death,

[*seizes Aristides's Dagger, and stabs herself.*
I grasp thee fast, and plunge thee in my Bosom.

Dem. Oh she is slain!

The. Is the Deed done? Fearful, unthought-of Chance!
Oh, *Demaratus*, lay me by her Side,
That I may ease my Head on her lov'd Breast,
And weep awhile, and die—What Noise is this?

[*Noise of, Way for the Emperar.*
Still do I live? Death, are thy Darts so blunted,
Or, is thy Arm too weak to match my Spirit?

Dem. 'Tis *Xerxes*' Selt, who, with your furious Foes,
Hasten to make you Pris'ner—Lo! they're here.
Enter Xerxes, Artemisia, Artaban, Mardonius, Guards
bloody, all Swords drawn.

Xer. Where are the Traytors hid to 'scape my Ven-
geance?

Ha! by the Gods! here is a Scene of Death, [*starts.*
That melts my Rage to Pity—Whence is this?
This wounding Sight?—Lovely ill-fated Maid!
Am I thy Murderer? Oh speak, *Themistocles*,
What means this Pomp of Ruin?

[*kneels by him on one Knee.*
The. Read there our Faith to thee, and Love to *Athen*;
Behold the Fate of an unhappy Man,
Who, having stabb'd his Country, strove too late
To heal her Wounds, and perish'd in the Strife,
Of bravely saving her, or serving thee.
I faint! I die! Oh let my last best Pray'rs
Find Faith with *Xerxes*, while I call the Gods
To witness to my Truth to thee, to *Persia*;
And, with my latest Breath, implore for Peace
For *Athen*s, and Forgiveness to *Themistocles*, [*dies.*

Arte. Wretched unhappy Exile!

Art. He's dead! and *Xerxes* now begins to reign!

Mard. *Persia* be safe! thus perish all thy Foes!

Xer. Away, ye Traytorsto my Fame and *Persia*'s!

[*starts up.*
'Tis

'Tis you o'erthrew him — By the Throne I see,
The Greek was true and faithful — vanish! fly!
Or Vengeance shall o'ertake you — Yes, *Themistocles*,
Thy Prayers are heard, and *Athens* shall have Peace,
With honour hast thou run thy noble Race;
Thro' endless Ages shall thy Glories bloom,
And never-fading Laurels grace thy Tomb,
While future Times my Folly must reprove,
For thy wrong'd Friendship, and my murder'd Love!

[Curtain falls]



E P I-

EPILOGUE.

[The Curtain being down.

WELL, now all's over, with this glorious Greek,
Pray give an English Woman Leave to speak.
I never lik'd these Plays of Greeks and Persians;
Those virtuous Fools, are one of my Aversions:
If Greeks would die, to serve their Country, long since,
Must we be plagu'd with such old-fashion'd Nonsense?
I don't know how you'll like it; but in France
A Man were hang'd, such Maxims to advance.
But you, rough Britons, with your cursed Bravery,
Have such a vile Antipathy to Slavery;
You'd rather die like Fools, in Freedom's Cause,
Than once survive your Liberties and Laws;
But, for my Part, good Friends, upon my Conscience;
I'll never die a Martyr to such Nonsense.
Take heed, dear Beaus, these Dottrines spread no further;
Do not for Britain's Good, commit Self-murder.
What! give up Love and Life for senseless Honour,
And Care of one's dear Country?—soh upon her!
Well, let me die, these Bards are awkward Fools,
To offer us such rigid formal Rules;
That only suit with Pulpits, Books or Schools.
Rules; but that Men find fitter of their own
To walk by, would turn Europe upside down.
But, thank our Stars, we live in better Times,
Than moral Poets paint in musty Rhymes;
Now, Men have Sense enough, to take the Measure
Of Publick Blessings, by their private-Treasure;
For if we're out of Place, or poor, d'ye see,
Why, what's the Publick-Good to you or me?



EPILOGUE.

*E'en let us make our Fortunes, honest Friends,
And sink or swim, dear Country—we've our Ends.
What think you, Britons, are'n't we in the Right?
You're loth to speak—well then, Sirs, I invite
You All to answer this, To-morrow Night.*

[Goes out, and in a little time returns in a Hurry.
Hold! hold! stay! stay!—good lack, I have forgot!
To speak much more, about—the Lord knows what—
Stay, stay! my Stars! how one is forc'd to bawl!
Sit down! here's a Mistake! I've not spoke all——
Where is this Prompter?—ret you for a Dog,

[Strikes him.

*I thought I'd finish'd the whole Epilogue.
Let's see the Paper—so—The Bard unknown, [Reads.
Says, that he throws this Piece upon the Town,
As Negroes try their Children—if it swim,
He'll own it—if it sinks—sink on for him!
Yet, tho' disown'd, you're all oblig'd to cherish
A Play, that's thrown, like Bastards, on the Parist;
E'en club for't then, and as known Fumblers get
Brats father'd on them, do you father Wit;
And if there's any here, that likes to own
This spurious Piece, he may—for Half a Crown.
If all's rejected, and if no Petitions
Can screen our Author from too hard Conditions,
He vows to burn his Books, discard his Muse,
And plead like School-boys whipt, the old Excuse;
'Tis the First Time, save him this once, and then,
Indeed! he'll never do the like again.*

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